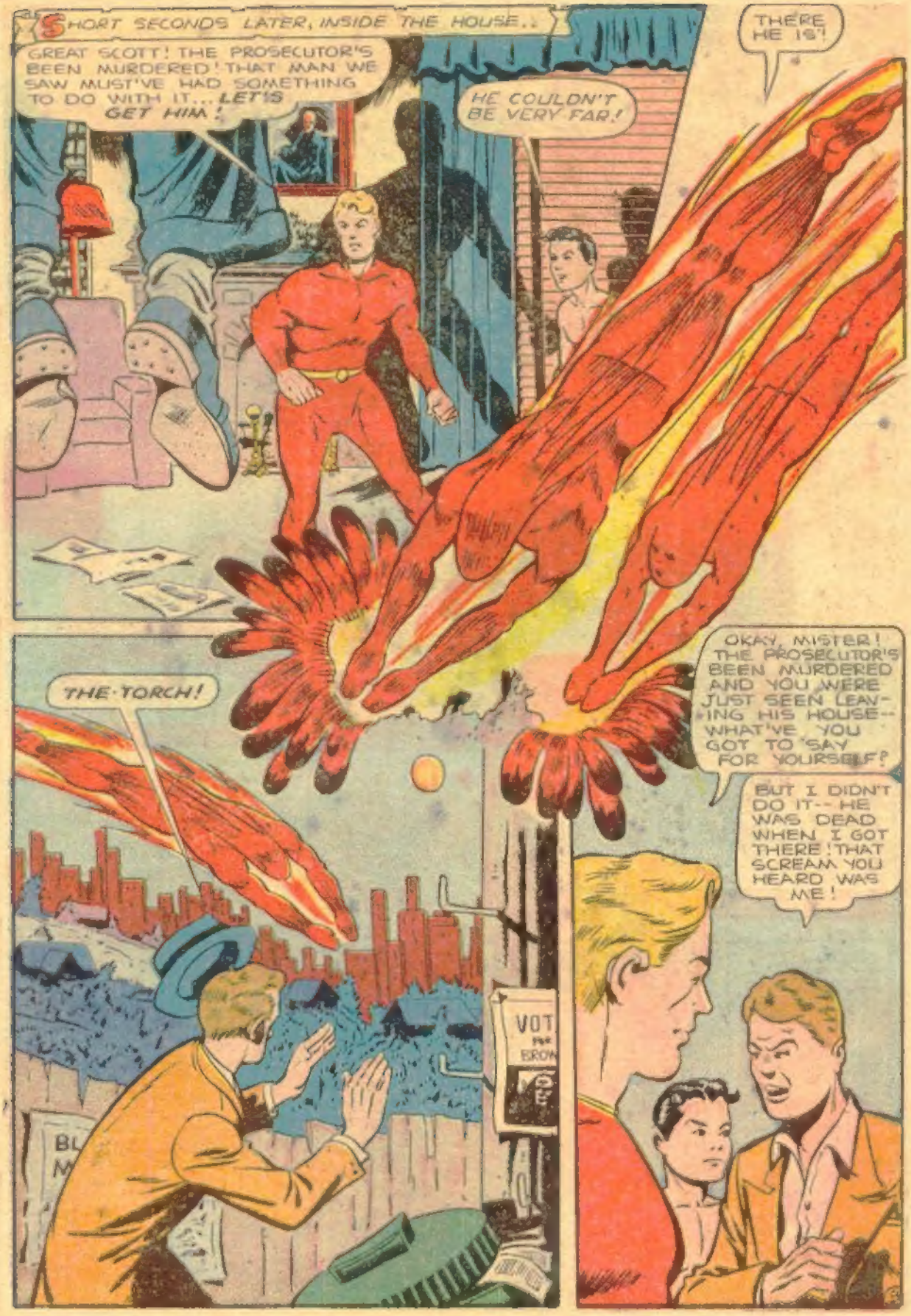
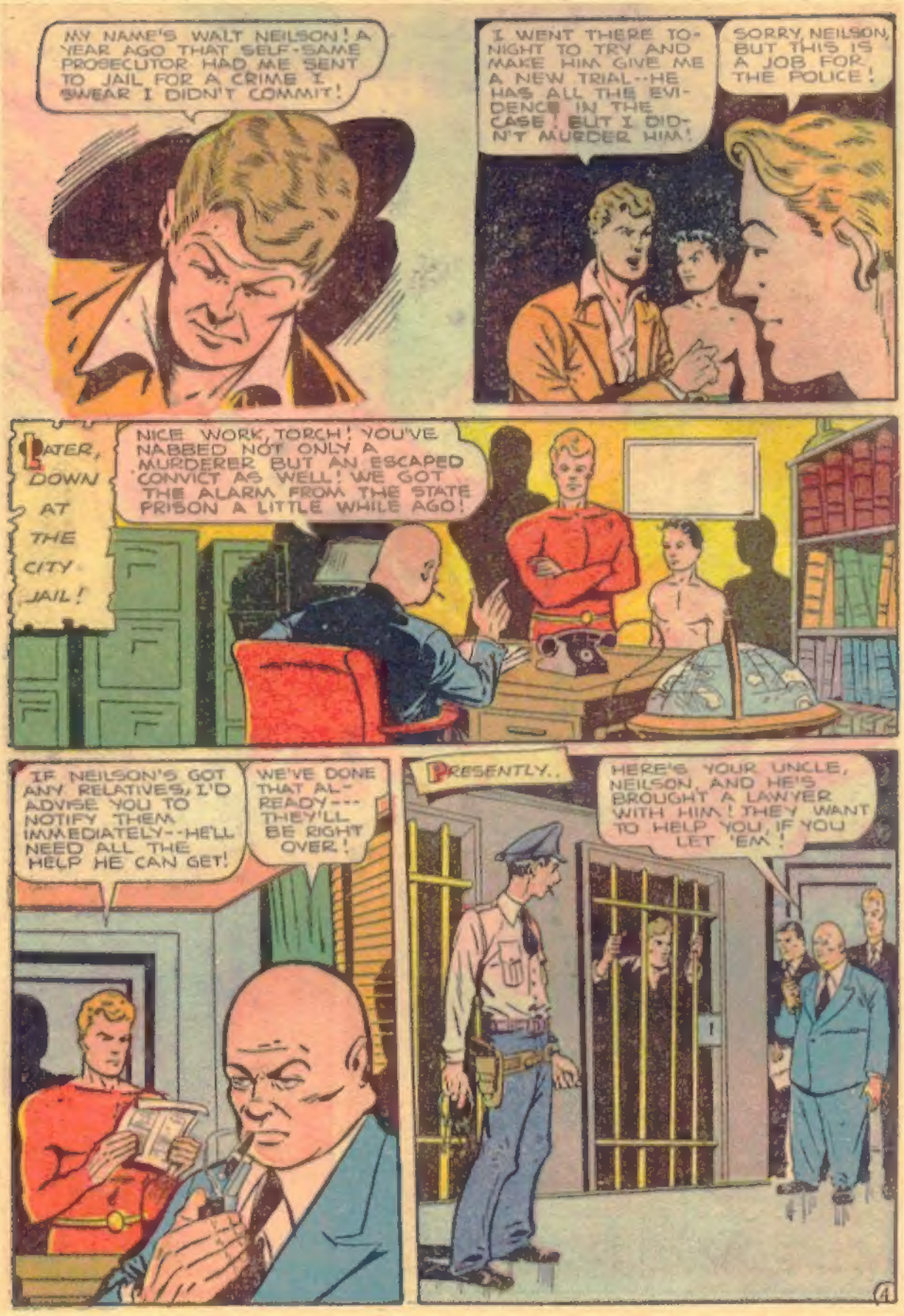
MARVEL
MYSTERY
COMICS
NO. 70
10¢

THE HUGE, GREY WALLS OF A PRISON LOOM FORBIDDINGLY IN THE DARKNESS! SUDDENLY THERE'S A WAIL OF SIRENS, THE SEARCHLIGHTS FLASH ON AND GUARDS DASH MADLY ABOUT IN THE SHADOWS... A PRISONER HAS ESCAPED! WHAT--THINGS LIKE THAT HAPPEN ALL THE TIME, YOU SAY? TRUE--BUT HERE'S **ONE** CASE THAT'S DIFFERENT! FOR **TORCH** AND **TORO**, THE TWO PEOPLE YOU'D THINK WOULD BE MOST ANXIOUS TO BRING THE JAILBIRD TO JUSTICE, ACTUALLY GO OUT OF THEIR WAY TO **HELP** HIM! IT ALL SOUNDS VERY CONFUSING, WE KNOW, BUT READ ON AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS IN.... THE CASE OF THE FRIGHTENED FELON!

INSIDE THE WALLS OF SAN MARTINE STATE PRISON, PANDEMONIUM BREAKS LOOSE!
THERE HE IS...SHOOT!
DON'T WORRY--I WON'T MISS HIM!
CAN'T LET 'EM CATCH ME...I'VE GOTTA.... UGH..MY SHOULDER!
BANG!
BUT, TWISTING AND TURNING LIKE A CORNERED BEAST, THE CONVICT SHAKES OFF HIS PURSUERS AND STAGGERS TOWARDS THE CITY..
THESE CLOTHES'LL COME IN HANDY--AT LAST I'M FREE--FREE TO SEEK THE JUSTICE THE COURT DENIED ME!
LATER, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE METROPOLIS!
TORCH, LOOK AT THAT MAN! HE MUST BE DRUNK!
FOR HIS SAKE I HOPE NOT--THAT'S THE CITY PROSECUTOR'S HOUSE HE'S GOING INTO!
GOOD LORD... WHAT WAS THAT?
AI
EEEE
THERE'S THE MAN WE SAW BEFORE, RUNNING AWAY FROM THE PROSECUTOR'S HOUSE!
SOMETHING MUST'VE FRIGHTENED HIM! QUICK--LET'S SEE WHAT IT WAS!


SHORT SECONDS LATER, INSIDE THE HOUSE..
GREAT SCOTT! THE PROSECUTOR'S BEEN MURDERED! THAT MAN WE SAW MUST'VE HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT... LET'S GET HIM!
HE COULDN'T BE VERY FAR!
THERE HE IS!
THE TORCH!
OKAY, MISTER! THE PROSECUTOR'S BEEN MURDERED AND YOU WERE JUST SEEN LEAVING HIS HOUSE-- WHAT'VE YOU GOT TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?
BUT I DIDN'T DO IT-- HE WAS DEAD WHEN I GOT THERE! THAT SCREAM YOU HEARD WAS ME!


MY NAME'S WALT NEILSON! A YEAR AGO THAT SELF-SAME PROSECUTOR HAD ME SENT TO JAIL FOR A CRIME I SWEAR I DIDN'T COMMIT!
I WENT THERE TONIGHT TO TRY AND MAKE HIM GIVE ME A NEW TRIAL--HE HAS ALL THE EVIDENCE IN THE CASE! BUT I DIDN'T MURDER HIM!
SORRY, NEILSON, BUT THIS IS A JOB FOR THE POLICE!
LATER, DOWN AT THE CITY JAIL!
NICE WORK, TORCH! YOU'VE NABBED NOT ONLY A MURDERER BUT AN ESCAPED CONVICT AS WELL! WE GOT THE ALARM FROM THE STATE PRISON A LITTLE WHILE AGO!
IF NEILSON'S GOT ANY RELATIVES, I'D ADVISE YOU TO NOTIFY THEM IMMEDIATELY--HE'LL NEED ALL THE HELP HE CAN GET!
WE'VE DONE THAT ALREADY--- THEY'LL BE RIGHT OVER!
PRESENTLY..
HERE'S YOUR UNCLE, NEILSON, AND HE'S BROUGHT A LAWYER WITH HIM! THEY WANT TO HELP YOU, IF YOU LET 'EM!
4

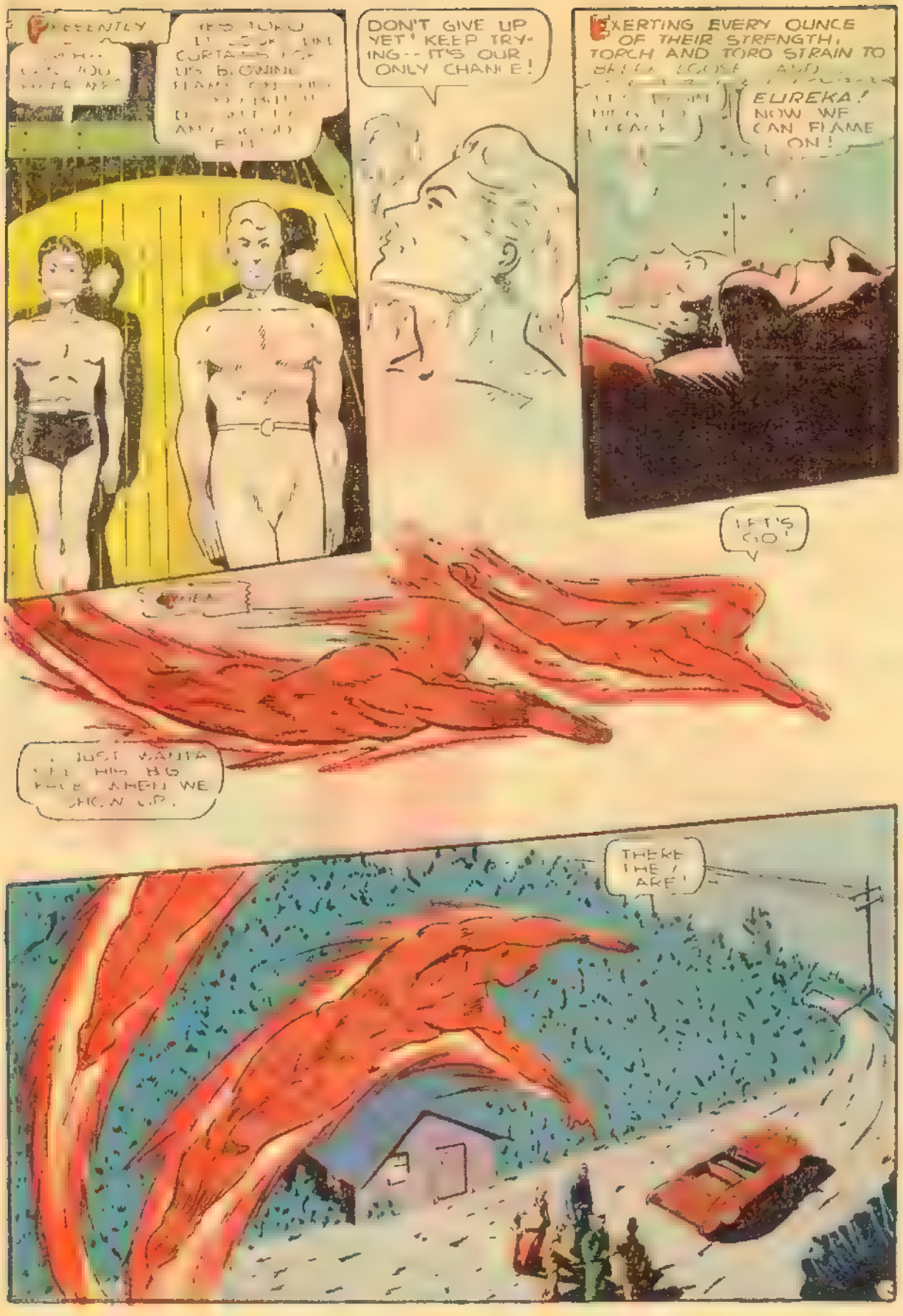
YOU'RE IN A JAM, WALT! THE BEST THING TO DO IS PLEAD GUILTY AND THROW YOURSELF ON THE MERCY OF THE COURT!
MR. RANKIN'S RIGHT! YOU MIGHT EVEN PLEAD TEMPORARY INSANITY--THAT'LL SAVE YOU FROM THE CHAIR AT LEAST!
SUDDENLY, WALT NEILSON LEAPS TOWARDS THE CELL DOOR.
YOU DIRTY RATS! THAT'S THE SAME THING YOU TOLD ME BEFORE! YOU KNEW I NEVER STOLE THAT MONEY FROM THE BANK!
YOU WERE ONE OF THE BANK DIRECTORS--YOU COULD'VE TESTIFIED TO MY INNOCENCE! WHY DIDN'T YOU? WHY...
JUST A MINUTE, NEILSON! EITHER YOU'RE INNOCENT OR YOU'RE A MAGNIFICENT ACTOR! I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE BANK BUSINESS BUT I KNOW A WAY TO CHECK UP ON THE PROSECUTOR'S MURDER.
WHAAA..?
IF YOU COMMITTED THE MURDER, THERE SHOULD BE BLOOD-STAINS RIGHT IN THE ROOM WHERE THE KILLING OCCURRED. THAT WOUND IN YOUR SHOULDER WAS BLEEDING PLENTY, YOU KNOW!
LATER...
D'YOU THINK YOU HIT ON SOMETHING, TORCH?
I DON'T KNOW BUT WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!

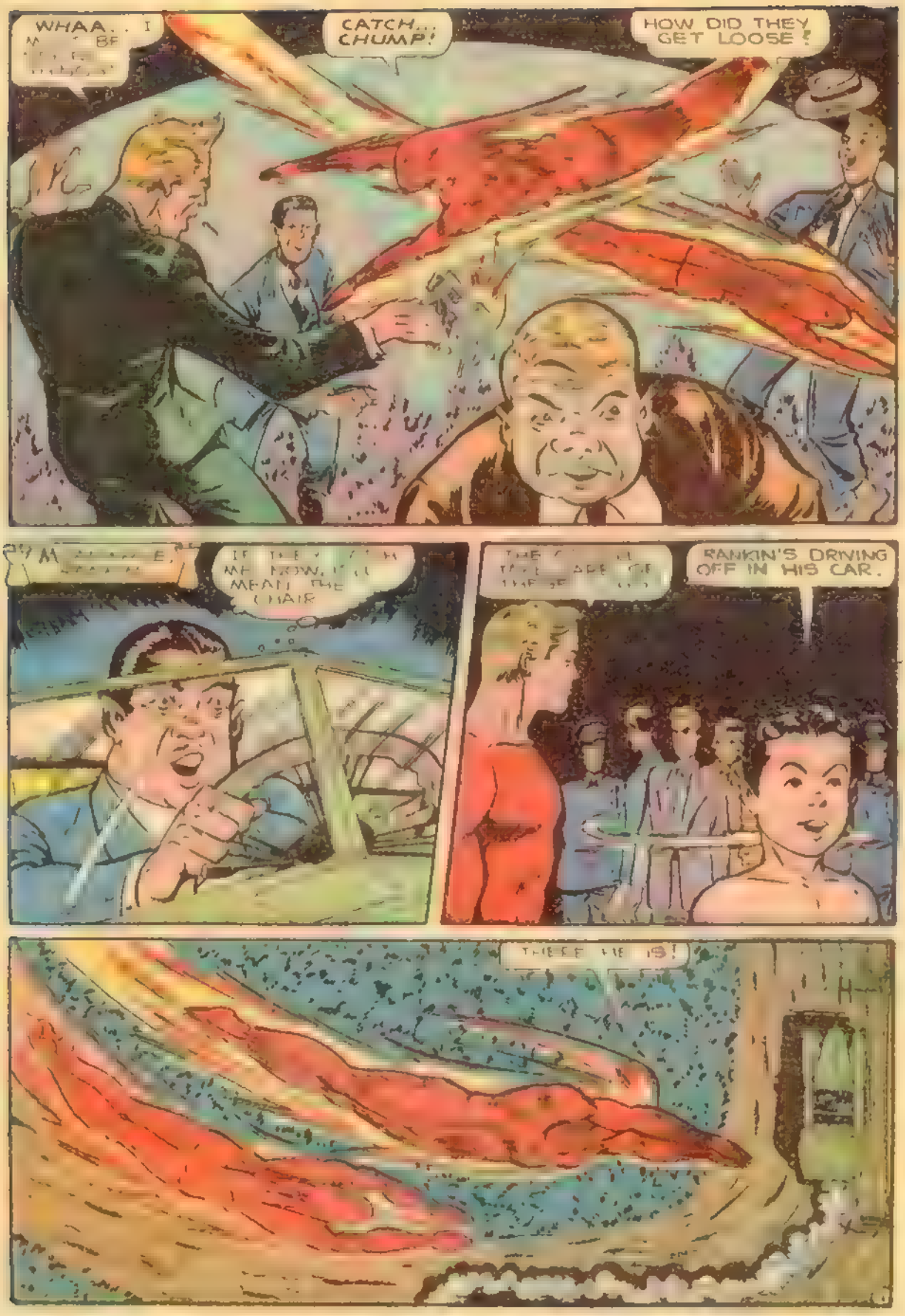
WE'RE ALMOST THERE! FUNNY THERE'S NO COP AROUND ON GUARD!
THEY PROBABLY FIGURED IT WAS A CUT-AND-DRIED CASE WHEN WE BROUGHT IN NEILSON.
MEANWHILE!
HELLO, LEFTY--GET THIS AND GET IT QUICK! TORCH AND TORO ARE ON THEIR WAY TO THE PROSECUTOR'S HOME..THEY'VE GOT AN IDEA MY NEPHEW MAY BE INNOCENT, SO LISTEN....
OKAY, BOSS, I GOTCHA! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF 'EM!
AND AT THE DEAD MAN'S HOME.
HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? NEILSON WAS TELLING THE TRUTH! THE ONLY BLOOD STAINS HERE ARE THE PROSECUTOR'S!
WHERE TO NOW, TORCH?
BACK TO THE JAIL AND TELL THE POLICE WHAT WE DISCOVERED! IT'LL CLEAR NEILSON OF A MURDER RAP, ANYWAY!
QUIET! HERE THEY COME NOW!

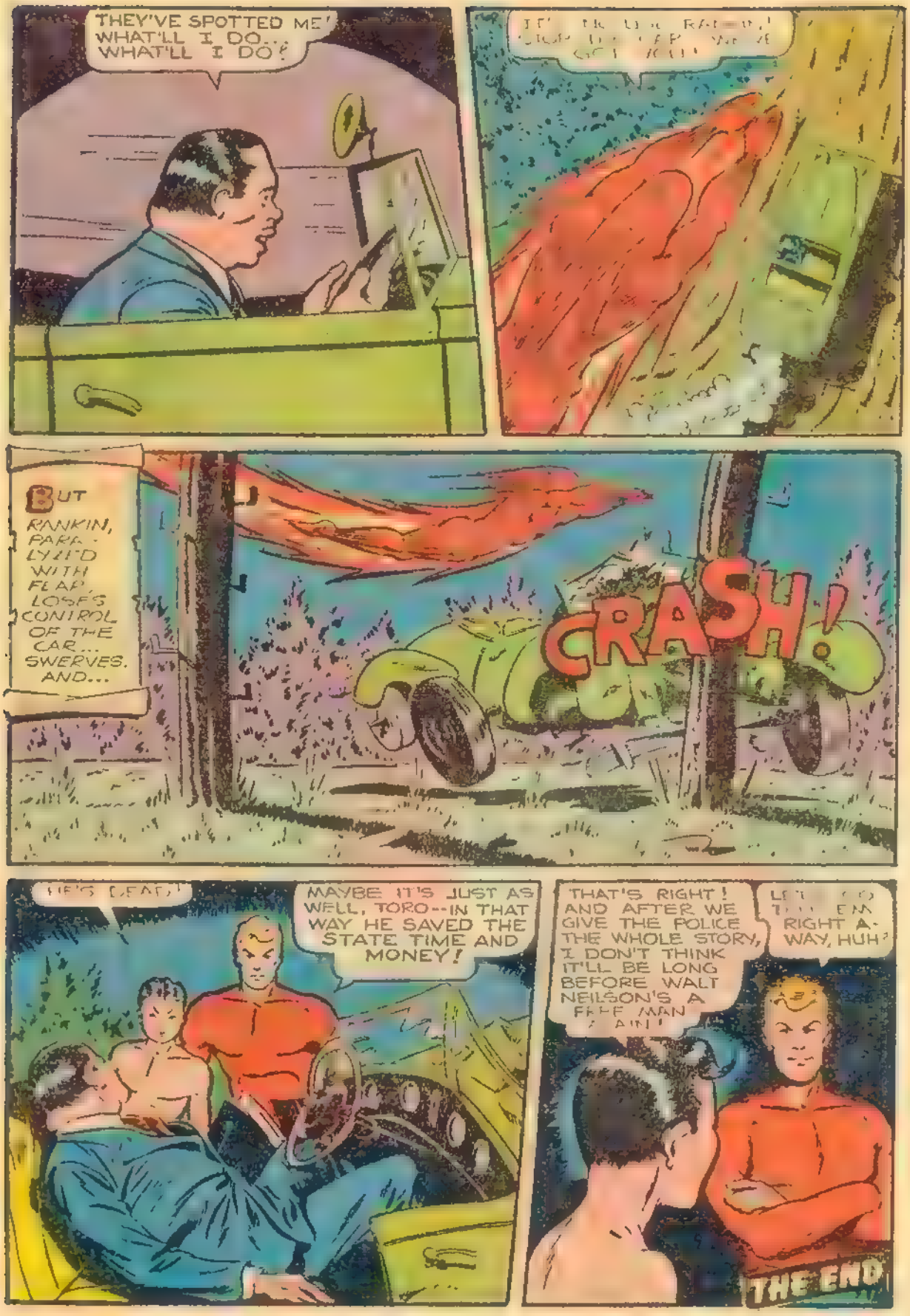
ABRUPTLY!
TORO.. LOOK OUT!
OKAY, WISEGUYS, WE'LL SHOW YOU HOW WE TAKE CARE OF SNOOPERS!
BUT THE WARNING COMES TOO LATE--AND AS TORCH FLAMES AWAY OUT OF DANGER...
THIS TAKES CARE OF ONE OF 'EM!
UGH!
I DON'T KNOW WHO PUT THOSE LUGS UP TO IT, BUT I'VE GOT TO GET TORO FREE...
OOOWW...
YOU RATS ASKED FOR IT...AND NOW YOU'RE GETTING IT!
AS LONG AS TORO'S UNCONSCIOUS I CAN'T RISK HURTING HIM! IF I FLAME OFF MAYBE THEY'LL RELEASE HIM AND MAKE FOR ME!

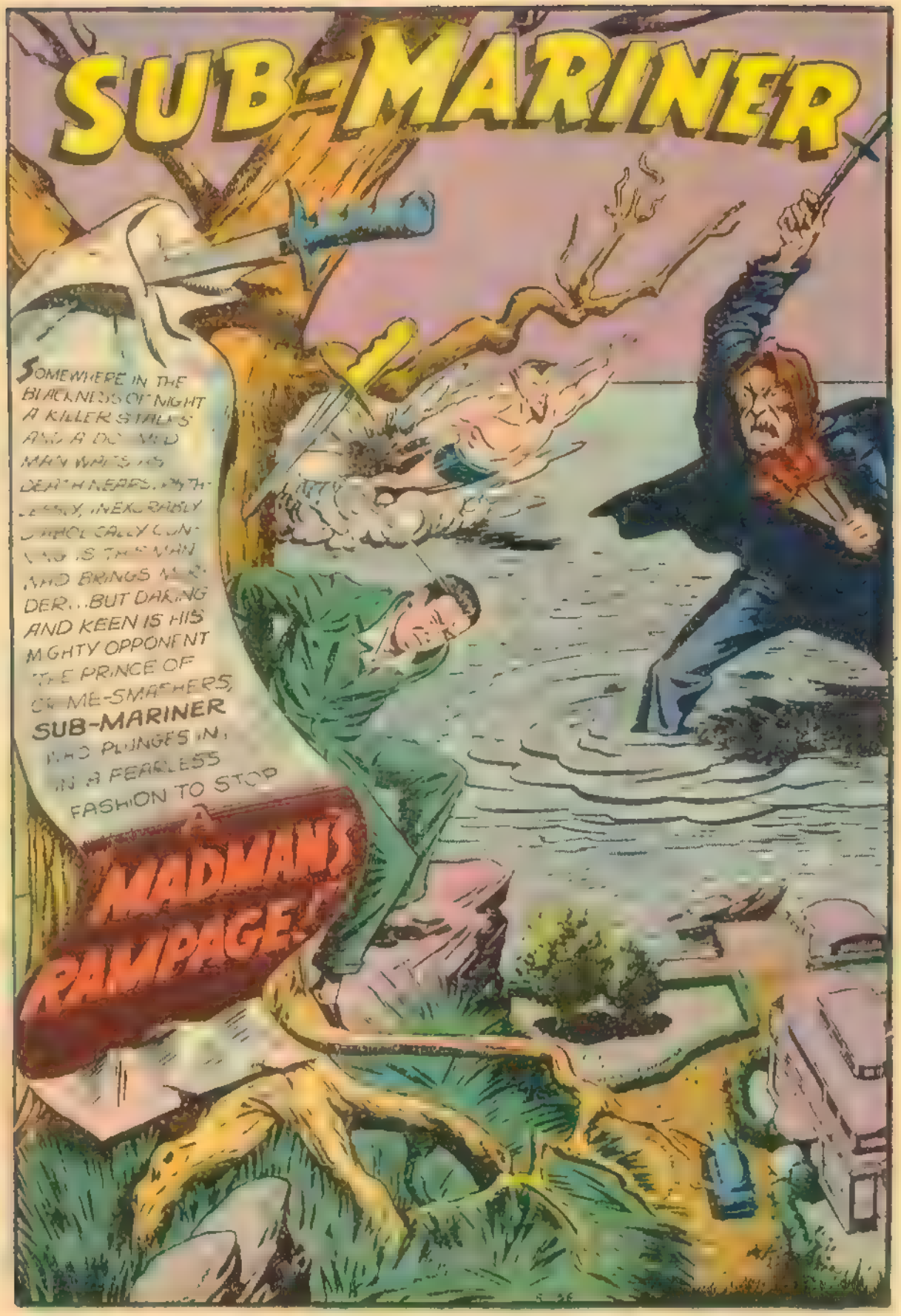
AND SO..
HERE THEY COME! IF I COULD ONLY HOLD 'EM OFF TILL TORO COMES TO.
THE THUGS ATTACK AND...
T'ANKS FOR FLAMIN' OFF, TORCH!
YOU GUYS TAKE 'EM DOWN TO THAT COLD STORAGE VAULT AT THE WATERFRONT! I'LL FOLLOW YOU AS SOON AS I DESTROY THE EVIDENCE INSIDE!
OKAY!
WHAT A CINCH! THE COPS'LL THINK TORCH FELT SORRY FOR NEILSON AND SET FIRE TO THE HOUSE SO'S THEY COULDN'T PIN ANY-THING ON HIM!
MEANWHILE..
START SPRAYIN' THEM WITH THE "SNOW"! THE FIREMEN USE IT TO PUT OUT FIRES. AND THERE'S NO REASON WE CAN'T DO THE SAME!

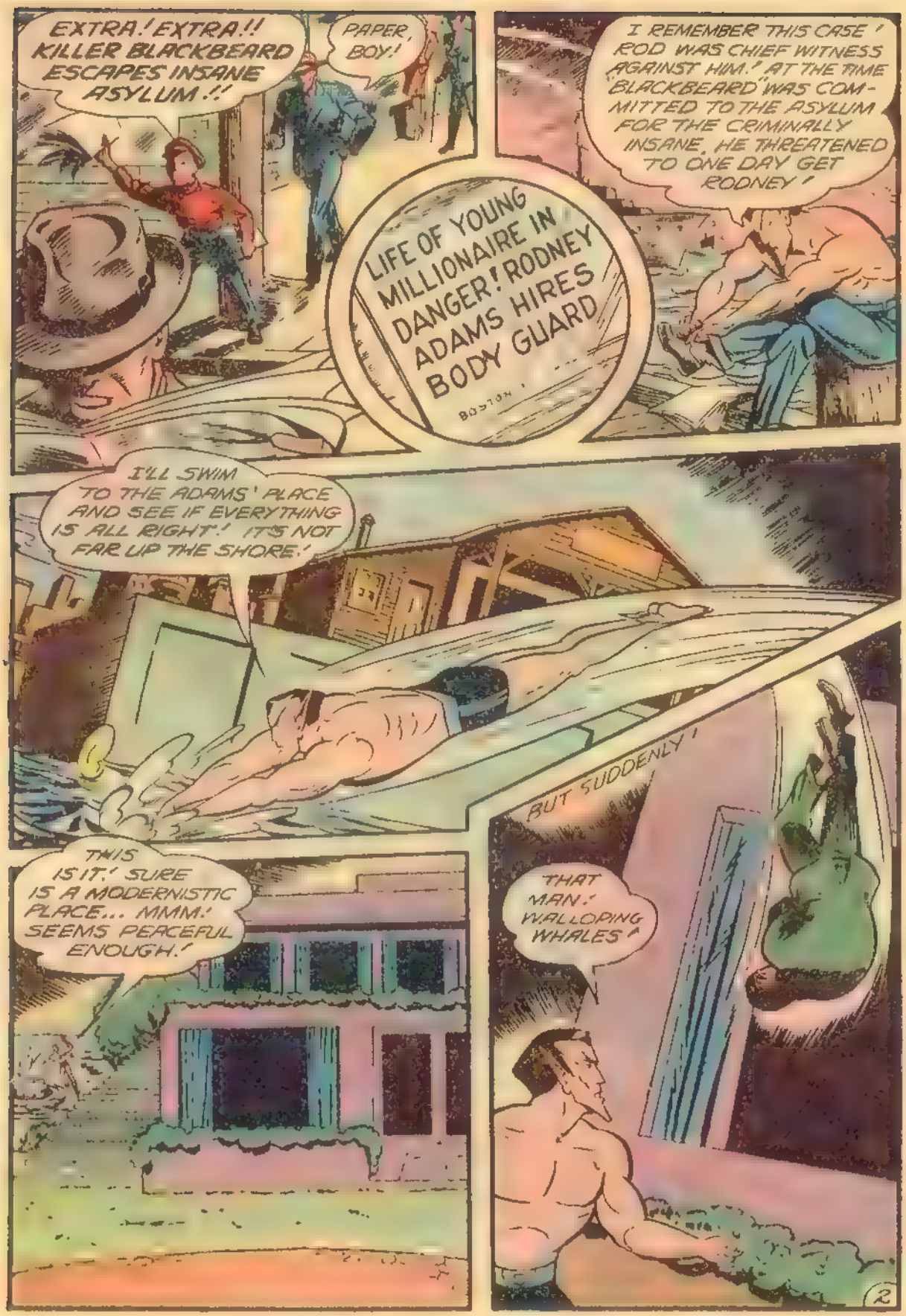
JUST THEN!
MR RANKIN!
HOLD IT, YOU GUYS! I'VE GOT A FEW THINGS TO SAY TO OUR FLAMETHROWING FRIENDS HERE!
WAREHOUSE
LEAVE THEIR MOUTHS AND NOSTRILS CLEAR BEFORE YOU PUT 'EM IN THE VAULT--I WANT 'EM TO STAY ALIVE. TILL THEY FREEZE TO DEATH!
RIGHT, BOSS!
I STOLE THAT MONEY FROM THE BANK AND PLANTED THE EVIDENCE ON MY NEPHEW! AS LONG AS THE PROSECUTOR PLAYED BALL WITH ME, I WAS SAFE! HIS CONSCIENCE BEGAN TO BOTHER HIM SO I HAD TO KILL HIM.
OKAY, LEFTY, YOU CAN PUT 'EM IN NOW, BUT BE CAREFUL NOT TO KNOCK ANY OF THAT CHEMICAL OFF THEM!
PLEASANT DREAMS, SUCKERS!
YEAH--DON'T WALK IN YOUR SLEEP.... HAW-HAW-HAW!
COLD STORAGE VAULT


RECENTLY
DON'T GIVE UP YET! KEEP TRYING--IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!
EXERTING EVERY OUNCE OF THEIR STRENGTH, TORCH AND TORO STRAIN TO
EUREKA! NOW WE CAN FLAME ON!
LET'S GO!
I JUST WANTA SEE HIM BE THERE WHEN WE SHOW UP.
THERE THEY ARE!


WHAA.. I
CATCH... CHUMP!
HOW DID THEY GET LOOSE?
IF THEY
ME NOW, I
MEAN THE CHAIR
RANKIN'S DRIVING OFF IN HIS CAR.
THERE HE IS!


THEY'VE SPOTTED ME! WHAT'LL I DO... WHAT'LL I DO?
BUT RANKIN, PARALYZED WITH FEAR, LOSES CONTROL OF THE CAR... SWERVES, AND...
CRASH!
HE'S DEAD!
MAYBE IT'S JUST AS WELL, TORO--IN THAT WAY HE SAVED THE STATE TIME AND MONEY!
THAT'S RIGHT! AND AFTER WE GIVE THE POLICE THE WHOLE STORY, I DON'T THINK IT'LL BE LONG BEFORE WALT NEILSON'S A FREE MAN AGAIN!
RIGHT AWAY, HUH?
THE END


SUB-MARINER
SOMEWHERE IN THE BLACKNESS OF NIGHT A KILLER STALKS AND A DOOMED MAN WAITS HIS DEATH NEARS. MYTHERY, INEXORABLY MORE CALLY CONCEIVED IS THE MAN WHO BRINGS MURDER...BUT DARING AND KEEN IS HIS MIGHTY OPPONENT THE PRINCE OF CRIME-SMASHERS, SUB-MARINER WHO PLUNGES IN, IN A FEARLESS FASHION TO STOP A MADMAN'S RAMPAGE!

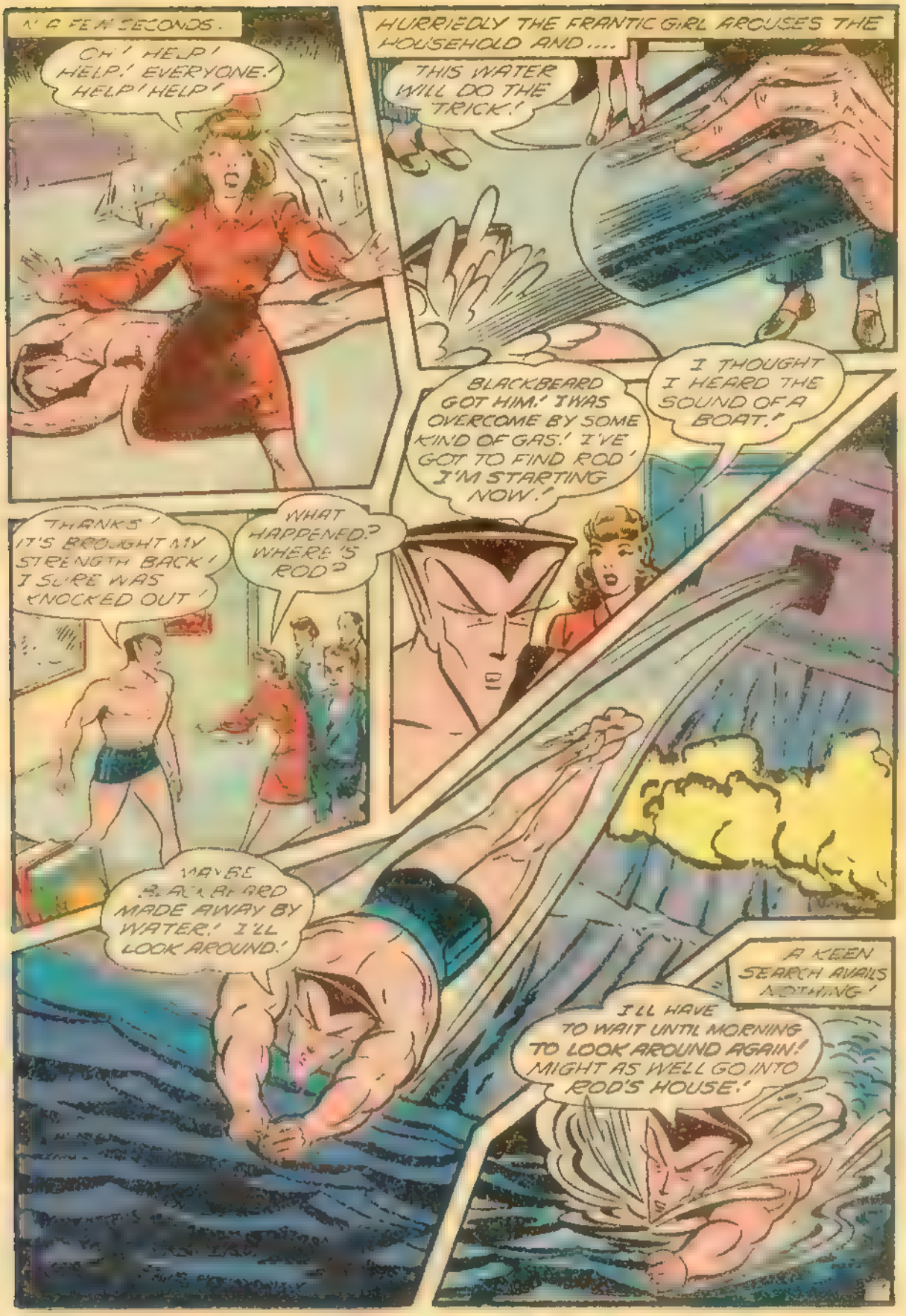

EXTRA! EXTRA!! KILLER BLACKBEARD ESCAPES INSANE ASYLUM!!
PAPER, BOY!
I REMEMBER THIS CASE! ROD WAS CHIEF WITNESS AGAINST HIM! AT THE TIME "BLACKBEARD" WAS COMMITTED TO THE ASYLUM FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE, HE THREATENED TO ONE DAY GET RODNEY!
LIFE OF YOUNG MILLIONAIRE IN DANGER! RODNEY ADAMS HIRES BODY GUARD
BOSTON
I'LL SWIM TO THE ADAMS' PLACE AND SEE IF EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT! IT'S NOT FAR UP THE SHORE!
THIS IS IT! SURE IS A MODERNISTIC PLACE... MMM! SEEMS PEACEFUL ENOUGH!
BUT SUDDENLY!
THAT MAN! WALLOPING WHALES!
2

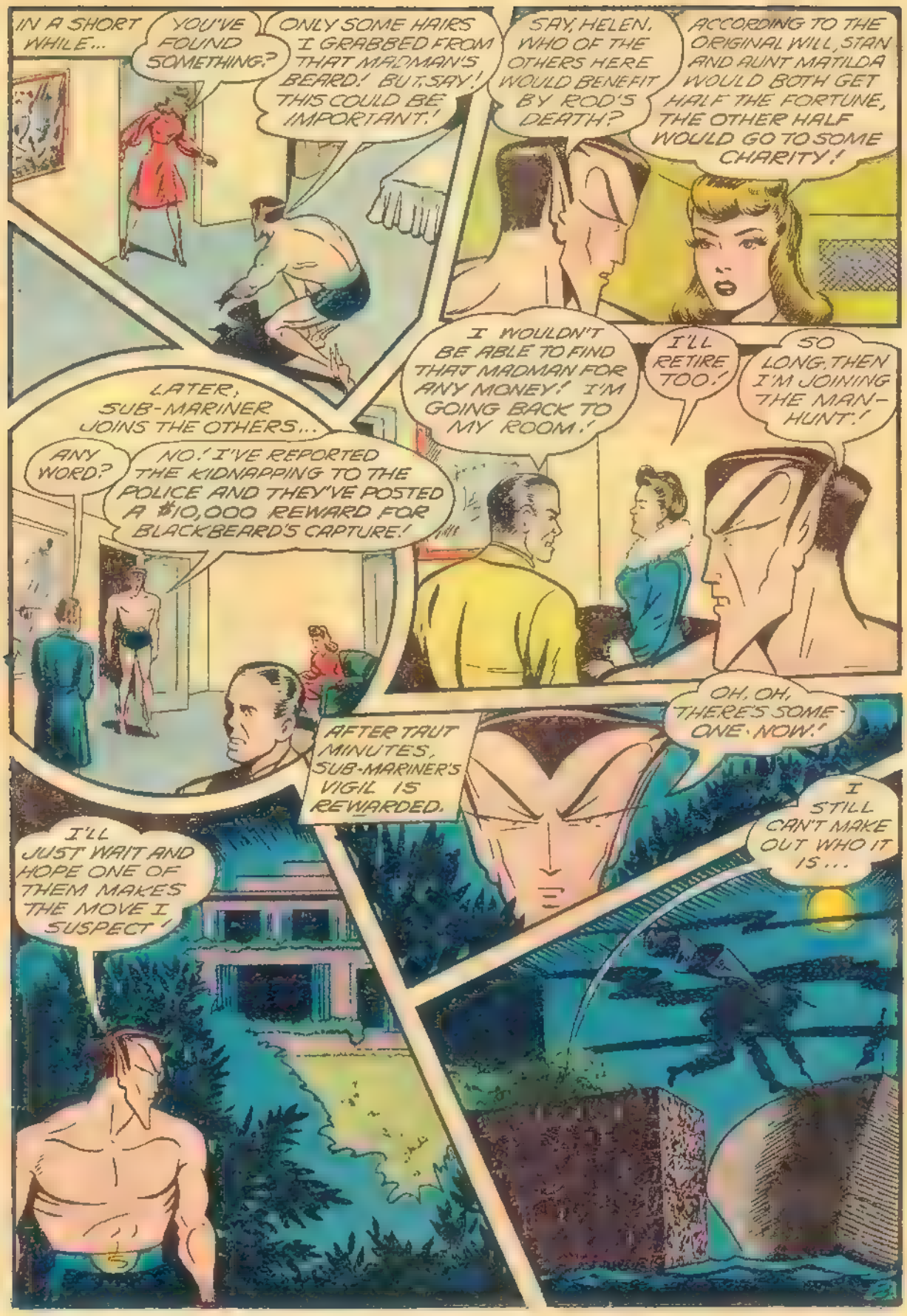
IT'S NED WHITE! ROD'S PROFESSIONAL BODYGUARD! STABBED TO DEATH! I'VE GOT TO GET UPSTAIRS FAST!
ROD ADAMS! I VOWED I WOULD KIDNAP AND TORTURE YOU!
AND I VOW YOU WON'T!
AND I BELIEVE YOU AS OF NOW!
-HH
DROP THAT KNIFE!

I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY! BUT I'LL BE BACK AGAIN!
RODNEY QUICKLY RESCUES...
ROD, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
WHAT HAPPENED? WE HEARD A COMMOTION!
BLACKBEARD STRUCK US DOWN THEN SOMEONE CAME TO THE RESCUE!
SUB-MARINER! IT MUST HAVE BEEN YOU WHO SAVED ME! BUT WHERE'S MY BODYGUARD?
MURDERED BY BLACKBEARD! WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE?
THIS IS MY FIANCEE HELEN, AND MY AUNT MATILDA!
I'M ROD'S COUSIN, STAN, IF IT'S YOUR BUSINESS!
OF COURSE IT'S HIS BUSINESS I'M ROD'S LAWYER!
THIS IS ALL SO FRIGHTENING!
BLACKBEARD WILL STRIKE AGAIN TONIGHT! I FEEL IT IN MY BONES!
HMM! AS MODERNISTIC AS THE OUTSIDE!
YES, HALF THE ROOMS HAVE NO WINDOWS AND ARE AIR CONDITIONED...THE LESS WINDOWS THE BETTER, WITH BLACKBEARD ON THE LOOSE!

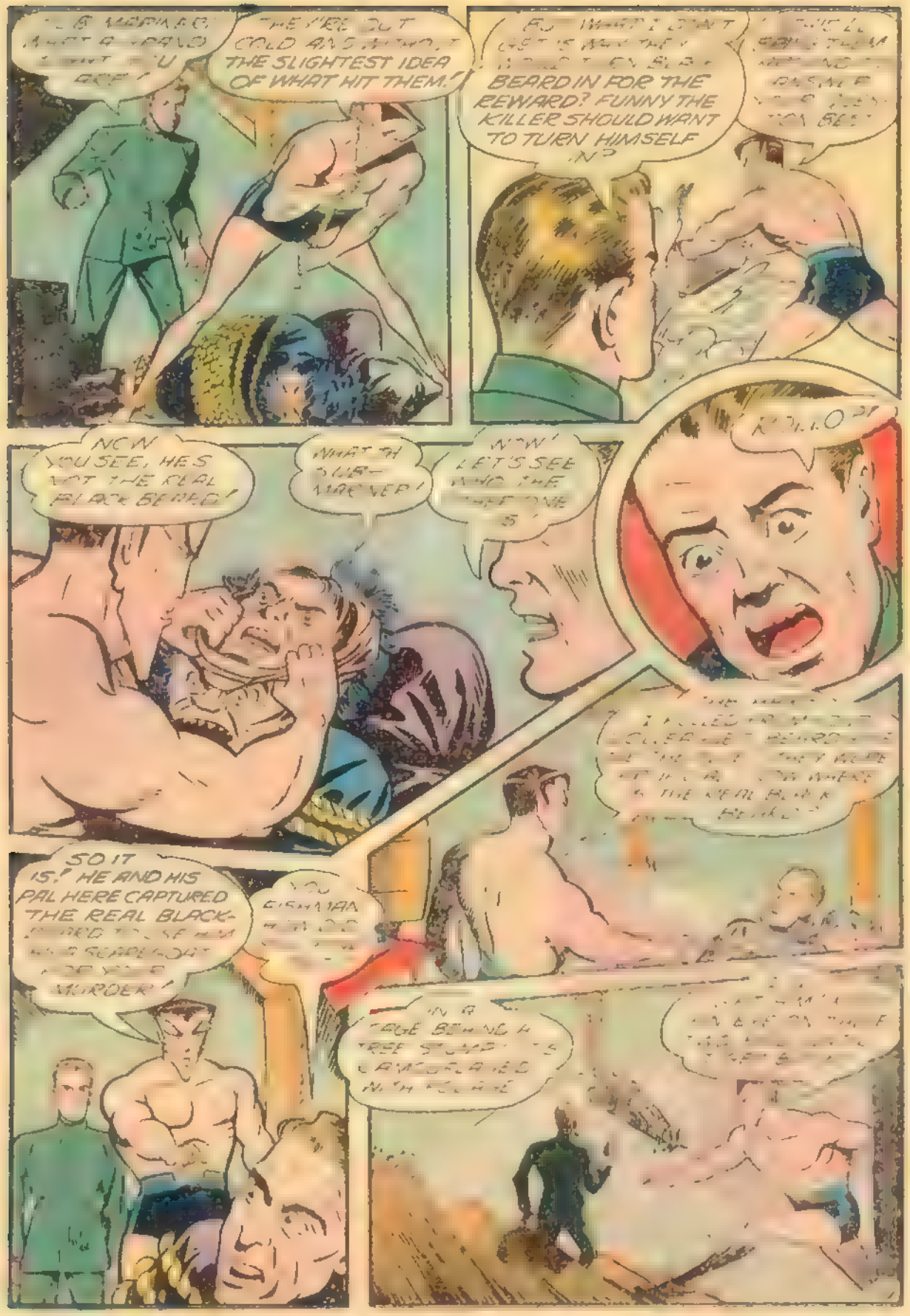
FROM NOW ON I SLEEP IN A WINDOW-LESS ROOM.... AS IF I CAN SLEEP TO-NIGHT!
RELAX AND GET SOME REST! I'LL STAND GUARD!
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA!
IT'S GETTING LATE! I'M HIT-TING THE BED!
ME TOO!
SO WILL I! DEAR ME! I HOPE NOTH-ING HAPPENS, BUT I HAVE A FEELING!
DOORS SHUT TIGHT AS THE FEARFUL FIVE RETIRE TO THEIR ROOMS....
YOU'LL BE SAFE! I WON'T BUDGE FROM HERE!
THANKS, SUB-MARINER! I FEEL SAFER AL-READY! GOOD NIGHT!
THE HOUSE IS STILLED WITH SLUMBER ...TIME TICKS BY....
ROD'S ASLEEP! IF BLACKBEARD COMES TO STRIKE... WELL, I HOPE HE DOES! THE NIGHT IS LONG!
NOW TO ATTACH THE OTHER END OF THE HOSE TO THE VENTILATOR PUMP... THEN TO PUMP THE GAS THROUGH AND INTO ROD'S ROOM... HA, HA, FISHMAN WILL SLEEP, SLEEP, SLEEP TIGHT!
SOON HANDS ARE BUSY CRAFTILY, SILENTLY.
IN THE BASEMENT, MOVING STEALTHILY
HA, HA SUB MARINER WAITS FOR ME, BUT I CAN PUT HIM OUT OF THE WAY WITH THIS ODORLESS SLEEPING GAS!
IN A FEW MINUTES.
I'M GETTING A BIT SLEEPY! THAT CAN'T BE! I'LL JUST SIT DOWN A WHILE! MAYBE THAT'S WHAT I NEED!

BUT THE DROWSINESS IS DOMINATING AND...
AHH! THEY'RE BOTH OUT! THIS TIME I'LL NOT FAIL!
MEANWHILE, A GUST OF WIND SWIRLS THE HOUSE FORCING OPEN THE WINDOWS OF THE HALLWAY....
AND AS THE BLACKBEARD OPENS THE DOOR TO MAKE HIS GETAWAY, THE BREEZE SWIFTLY REACHES PRINCE NAMOR AND....
BLAST IT! THE FRESH AIR IS AWAKENING SUB-MARINER!
UHH... OHHH!
THE VALIANT SEA PRINCE STUMBLES TO HIS FEET...
NO... Y-YOU.. DON'T!
HA, HA, HE'S STILL TOO WEAK.... THIS'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM! BUT I'D BETTER GET OUT FAST!
MOMENTS LATER, IN HELEN'S ROOM...
I DON'T SEEM TO BE SLEEPY.' GUESS IT'S FROM WORRYING ABOUT ROD... ALL I'VE BEEN DOING IS PACING THIS ROOM.' I'D BETTER SETTLE MY MIND BY HAVING A LOOK IN ON HIM.'


A FEW SECONDS.
OH! HELP! HELP! EVERYONE! HELP! HELP!
HURRIEDLY THE FRANTIC GIRL AROUSES THE HOUSEHOLD AND....
THIS WATER WILL DO THE TRICK!
I THOUGHT I HEARD THE SOUND OF A BOAT!
BLACKBEARD GOT HIM! I WAS OVERCOME BY SOME KIND OF GAS! I'VE GOT TO FIND ROD! I'M STARTING NOW!
WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE'S ROD?
THANKS! IT'S BROUGHT MY STRENGTH BACK! I SURE WAS KNOCKED OUT!
MAYBE BLACKBEARD MADE AWAY BY WATER! I'LL LOOK AROUND!
A KEEN SEARCH AVAILS NOTHING!
I'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL MORNING TO LOOK AROUND AGAIN! MIGHT AS WELL GO INTO ROD'S HOUSE!


IN A SHORT WHILE...
YOU'VE FOUND SOMETHING?
ONLY SOME HAIRS I GRABBED FROM THAT MADMAN'S BEARD! BUT, SAY! THIS COULD BE IMPORTANT!
SAY, HELEN, WHO OF THE OTHERS HERE WOULD BENEFIT BY ROD'S DEATH?
ACCORDING TO THE ORIGINAL WILL, STAN AND AUNT MATILDA WOULD BOTH GET HALF THE FORTUNE, THE OTHER HALF WOULD GO TO SOME CHARITY!
I WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO FIND THAT MADMAN FOR ANY MONEY! I'M GOING BACK TO MY ROOM!
I'LL RETIRE TOO!
SO LONG, THEN I'M JOINING THE MAN-HUNT!
LATER, SUB-MARINER JOINS THE OTHERS...
ANY WORD?
NO! I'VE REPORTED THE KIDNAPPING TO THE POLICE AND THEY'VE POSTED A $10,000 REWARD FOR BLACKBEARD'S CAPTURE!
AFTER TRUT MINUTES, SUB-MARINER'S VIGIL IS REWARDED.
OH, OH, THERE'S SOME-ONE, NOW!
I STILL CAN'T MAKE OUT WHO IT IS...
I'LL JUST WAIT AND HOPE ONE OF THEM MAKES THE MOVE I SUSPECT!

BUT I'M TAGGING ALONG!
WE'VE GONE ABOUT A MILE SOUTH...THE BOAT'S DOCKING.' BETTER SURFACE AND KEEP UP WITH "BLACK CAPE!"
CREEPING CAT FISH.' THE SIDE OF THAT TREE STUMP OPENS LIKE A DOOR! SOME HIDEOUT.' BLACK CAPE'S GOING IN.'
BOSS!' I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU YET!'
THE POLICE HAVE POSTED A $10,000 REWARD FOR BLACK-BEARD'S CAPTURE! WE'RE GOING TO COLLECT!
HE'LL KILL BOD AND TURN BLACKBEARD IN.' EVERYONE'LL THINK HE DID IT
BUT...


THEY'RE OUT COLD AND THEY DON'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA OF WHAT HIT THEM!
BEARD IN FOR THE REWARD? FUNNY THE KILLER SHOULD WANT TO TURN HIMSELF IN?
NOW YOU SEE, HE'S NOT THE REAL BLACK BEARD!
NOW LET'S SEE WHO THE REAL ONE IS
SO IT IS! HE AND HIS PAL HERE CAPTURED THE REAL BLACK-BEARD AND MADE HIM WRITE SCARLETT FOR THE MURDER!
IN A TREE STUMP!

Miss AMERICA

IN

The SING SONG SLAYINGS!

KIRBY

THE AUDIENCE SURGES OUT OF A BROADWAY THEATER AND WITH THEM, MADELINE JOYCE AND HER UNCLE JIM!

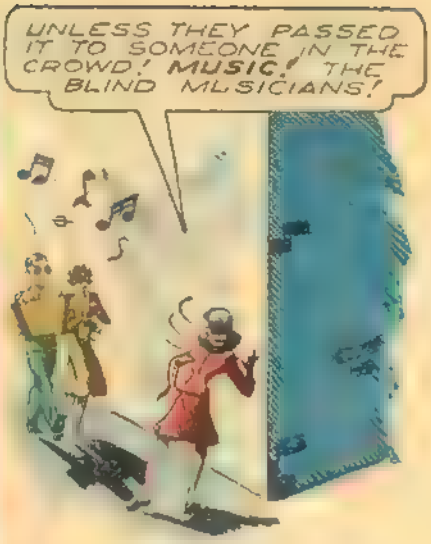
DISCORDANT, LOUD MUSIC HERALDS THE APPROACH OF TWO BLIND MUSICIANS!

SUDDENLY, A FRIGHTENED CRY IS HEARD ABOVE THE BLIND PAIR'S MUSIC!
MARTHA!?! GOOD HEAVENS! MY WIFE! H-E-L-P!
(GROAN) SHE'S DEAD! AND HER DIAMOND NECKLACE IS GONE!
SOMEONE IN THE CROWD DROVE THAT KNIFE IN HER BACK!
MADELINE'S SHARP EYE DETECTS A MAN AND WOMAN ELBOWING A PATH AWAY FROM THE TRAGEDY!
THAT COUPLE SEEM TO BE IN AN UNUSUAL HURRY TO GET AWAY!
STOP THEM! OH! THEY KNOCKED OVER THE BLIND COUPLE!
JUNIOR MISS
PEGGY ANN GARNER

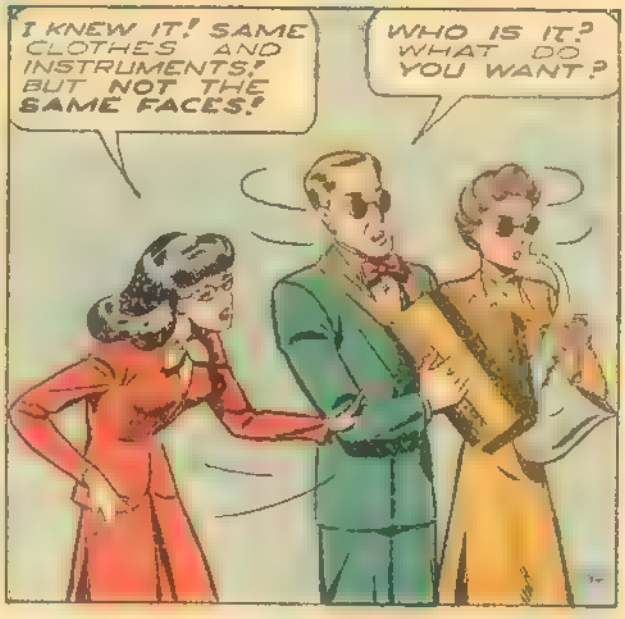
BY THE TIME I GET THRU THAT CROWD, THEY'LL BE GONE!! THE EMPTY
AND ANOTHER THE ANGRY CROWD POURING INTO THE ALLEY, MADELINE ALERT MIND INSTANTLY FORMULATES A PLAN!
THE CURIOUS CROWD RACING TOWARD THE MURDER SCENE, GAPES IN AMAZEMENT, AS A FAMILIAR FIGURE APPEARS ON THE SCENE!
LOOK!
MISS AMERICA!
EXIT
HEADS OF THE CROWD IN HER SEARCH FOR HER
MISS AMERICA!! SHE'S AFTER US!
QUICK! INTO THAT CAB BEFORE SHE SPOTS US!
YEOW!
TAXI
13

A POLICEMAN PUSHES THRU THE CROWD THAT QUICKLY GATHERS!
HOW DARE YOU? TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME!
WE'RE INNOCENT!
INNOCENT? INNOCENT OF WHAT? I WASN'T ACCUSING YOU OF ANYTHING!
THEN WHY DID YOU STOP US?
BE ALL INNOCENT YOU LIKE! YOU CAN'T RUN FROM MURDER SCENES!
OFF ALL THE DARNEDEST, WE'RE LATE FOR A TRAIN— THESE TICKETS WILL PROVE IT!
THIS IS AWFUL! WHY AM I BEING SEARCHED?
ALL THAT MATTER IS A STATUS AND A DEAD WOMAN!
MAYBE THEY THREW IT AWAY WHEN YOU CHASED THEM! I'LL SEARCH THE ALLEY!
I HAVE A HUNCH IT WON'T BE FOUND! I'M UP AGAINST A SLICK PAIR!
MISS AMERICA'S DETECTIVE DUPES AND A THOROUGH SEARCH FAIL TO DISCLOSE THE MISSING NECKLACE!
MISS AMERICA'S DETECTIVE DUPES AND A THOROUGH SEARCH FAIL TO DISCLOSE THE MISSING NECKLACE!
THE ENTIRE AREA PROVES FUTILE!

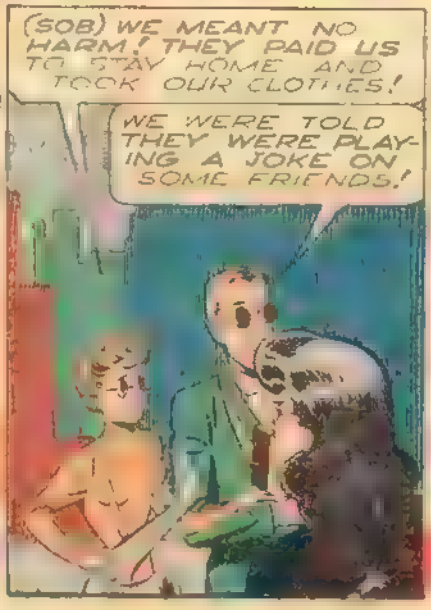
AFTER REJOINING WORRIED UNCLE JIM, MADELINE SPENDS A RESTLESS NIGHT, PONDERING THE ENIGMATIC JIGSAW OF EVENTS! WE SEE HER NEXT, THE AFTERNOON OF THE FOLLOWING DAY, HURRYING TOWARD THE SPOT WHERE THE MURDER OCCURRED!

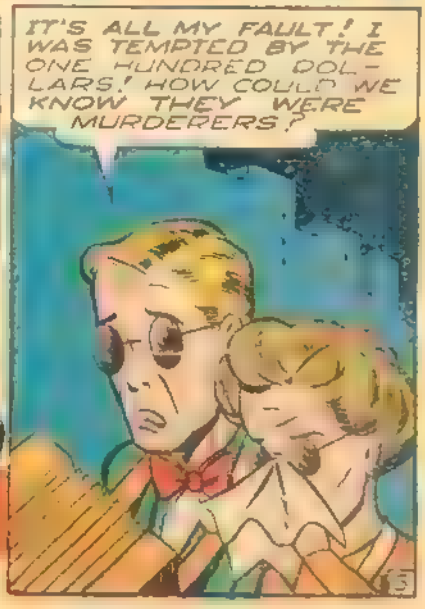


SUDDENLY, SOMETHING ABOUT THE SWEET, PLAINTIVE MUSIC STIRS MADELINE!



UNDER KINDLY BUT FIRM QUESTIONING, THE FRIGHTENED COUPLE REVEAL STARTLING INFORMATION!





MADELINE QUICKLY PUTS THE FRIGHTENED COUPLE AT EASE AND ENLISTS THEIR AID IN A PLAN!
WE'LL DO ANYTHING!
I'LL BE WAITING FOR YOUR CALL! LIKE ALL CRIMINALS, THEY'LL BE TOO GREEDY TO STOP AND THAT'LL BE THEIR UNDOING!
TEN DAYS LATER, IN A LUXURIOUS HOTEL SUITE!
WE'RE THROUGH PLAYING BLIND MAN'S BLUFF WITH MISS AMERICA!
YOU YELLOW RATS! YOU KNOW WE'VE HAD THE BLIND PAIR TAILED EVERY SECOND!
PUT THE ROD AWAY! MISS AMERICA OR THE COPS NEVER WENT NEAR THEM! THEY'RE BACK PLAYING AT THE SAME OLD STAND!
--AND SO, THE NEXT EVENING AT 9:00 MADELINE, WHO HAS BEEN HUGGING THE PHONE FOR DAYS, RECEIVING A CODED WIRE FROM THE BLIND PAIR!
WHAT WAS ALL THAT OBLIQUE STUFF
OH--! DAN MERTON INSISTS I COME OVER AND HELP HIM PACK! I'LL BE HOME EARLY!
SOME MINUTES LATER, ON ANOTHER STREET OFF BROADWAY
I'VE BEEN TRAILING THAT FAKE BLIND PAIR--THERE THEY ARE! AND HERE COMES THE CROWD! I'LL HAVE TO LOOK SHARP TO PREVENT ANOTHER MURDER!

AS THE CROWD SURGES OUT--
HERE THEY COME! YOU SLIP OFF THE BRACELET WHEN SHE SAGS!
AS THE CROWD ONCE AGAIN PARTS BEFORE THE FAKE BLIND PAIR, A METEORIC FIGURE KNIFES DOWN OUT OF THE SKY!
AND BEARS THE VICTIM OUT OF THE PATH OF THE LETHAL UP-THRUST OF THE KILLER'S WEAPON!
Y-E-OUCH!
NOT FORGETTING YOUR CHIN' LEAVING SO SOON, MRS. RAT?
JUST A MINUTE, DEARIE! BACK WE GO TO COLLECT YOUR HUBBY!
E-EEK!
WE GOT THEM, MISS AMERICA! THANKS FOR THE TIP!
EXCUSE ME FOR NOT STOPPING! BUT I MUST DIG UP SOME FUDGE TO TAKE HOME TO A CERTAIN SUSPICIOUS GENTLEMAN!

FORGOTTEN TRAIL

A STOOPED FIGURE was picking away at the stone and dirt in the wall of a tunnel, muttering ugly phrases to himself:

"The old miser . . . hid every nugget of gold he ever earned and paid me almost nothing fer workin' fer him . . . been diggin' here since old Silas Waite died . . . know he never came back fer his gold . . . gotta be here somewhere!"

But while this strange monologue was going on somewhere in Colorado, back in New York City young Judd Waite, who resembled his father closely, was looking through a batch of papers and records, left by his father who had died when the youth was a young boy. Having just reached the age of 21, Judd was now receiving the inheritance which had been held in trust for him.

One paper seemed to puzzle him. It was a record, written by his father, which seemed to hint of a fortune hidden somewhere until Waite was ready to go after it. But the old man had died before returning to the scene of his young manhood, out West.

Judd's father had been one of those pioneers who journeyed for perilous weeks over untrod trails to the West to Colorado, land of rich valleys and snow-capped mountains He had owned a General Store, in the once-proud and noisy gold-mining town of Caliban, which had now become only a deserted and lifeless spectre in the passage of time The rich veins had been bled to the limit the precious ore giving up its great wealth to the hardy who were willing to work for it And finally there was no more gold The pioneers moved onward further west, leaving Caliban to be reclaimed by the winds and sands and the small animals of the hills, which were the only inhabitants now of this ghost town.

And then one day it suddenly occurred to Judd to leave his comfortable home in New York and follow the trail which the old man had blazed many years ago. A forgotten trail, perhaps . . . but who could tell what Judd would find at the other end?

. . . Judd stood silently on the rim of a hill, looking downward on the deserted main thoroughfare of Caliban. He had reached the end of his sentimental journey! The pebbles rolled away as the hoofs of his horse scraped warily along the narrow path leading into the town. Moments later, he stopped before an old hitching post which still stood before one of the ramshackle buildings. This building still bore a sign: GENERAL STORE, altho the letters were almost completely obliterated. Judd's father had owned this store. If the cache of gold nuggets, hinted at in the faded record, was a reality and not a mere legend, it was probable that this long-hidden fortune would be somewhere in the building. Judd made his way up the broken steps to the porch. The heels of his boots echoed into the night. He had the sensation that someone was following closely on his heels.

"Wild imagination!" Judd thought to himself.

He entered the store. Years of drifting dust had covered the counter and shelves which still remained in their original places in this cheerless place The moon pointed a beam of light through a window and lit a path across the room.

"So this was pa's store," Judd thought to himself. "Must have been a busy place in those old days when Caliban was a thriving mining town This counter will have to serve as a bed for tonight Tomorrow I'll look this place over from top to bottom and find out once and for all if the story of pop's hidden gold is true, or just a fairy-tale!"

Judd slipped off his boots and climbed on the counter. He stretched his tall figure full length with his hands folded across his chest, his head resting on the knapsack he had brought in with him. He did not realize how

tired he really was . . . his eyes closed almost at once and he fell asleep.

His dreams were jumbled, meaningless. Then he seemed to see his father standing beside the counter, whispering and beckoning to him. He awoke with a start. He became suddenly aware of cold air passing by his cheek. He sensed his father's presence, but could see no one!

Judd withdrew a candle from the knapsack and lit it. Holding it high, he glanced carefully around the room and then to the dusty floor. He shuddered as he saw a set of footprints leading across the dust to the opposite wall! He followed them.

A panel was open, leading through the wall. As if in a trance, Judd passed through the wall, with the candle held far out in front of him. He saw a flight of stairs, leading down!

Was this a dream! The youth shook his head several times, as if to clear this strange vision from his mind. But it was still there . . . the staircase leading down. Unable to control his movements, he began to descend slowly in his stocking feet. At last he reached the bottom. And it was then that a faint sound came to his alert ears. It sounded like a pick-axe striking against stone!

Judd was now in a small underground room which had a dirt floor. Then he saw a tunnel entrance in the dirt wall. The sounds were coming from somewhere in the far recesses of this tunnel!

He entered the passage, still possessed with the feeling that he was following an unseen guide. A sudden gust of wind blew out the candle. He had no more matches! Judd felt the walls of the narrow tunnel as he made his way along, closer to the tap-tapping which continued unabated. And then, suddenly, the passage seemed to become broader . . . a beam of light became brighter as he moved along silently. A few steps more and . . . he stopped suddenly.

A burly figure with grey matted hair was wielding a small pick, digging away at the soft stone and dirt in the wall, a lantern providing illumination as he worked. Judd's confused mind tried to find an answer to the reason for this strange scene. He watched the old man, fascinated.

Suddenly, the stranger cried aloud in trembling tones as his pick struck an object which gave forth a metallic sound.

"I've found it . . . found it! It's his hoard of gold nuggets! And it's all mine now! Ha ha . . . if old Silas Waite could be seein' me now, him who I always hated! He can't do nothin' about me robbin' him now! Ha ha!"

The sweat glistened on young Judd's forehead as he realized the significance of this spectacle. This man, who had undoubtedly lived in Caliban in the old days when the mining town was alive, had discovered the hoard of gold which the boy's father had hidden so carefully so many years ago!

The old man lifted a small chest from a shallow hole in the wall. Placing it on the ground, he broke open the lid and gaped, mixed emotions of joy and greed playing over his features. Judd could see the gold nuggets gleaming. He stepped forward into the light and spoke:

"I'll take my gold now, old-timer!"

The figure turned around quickly and stared at Judd. A look of horror swept across his face.

"The saints have mercy on me . . . it's the ghost of Silas Waite, come to punish me for robbin' his gold!"

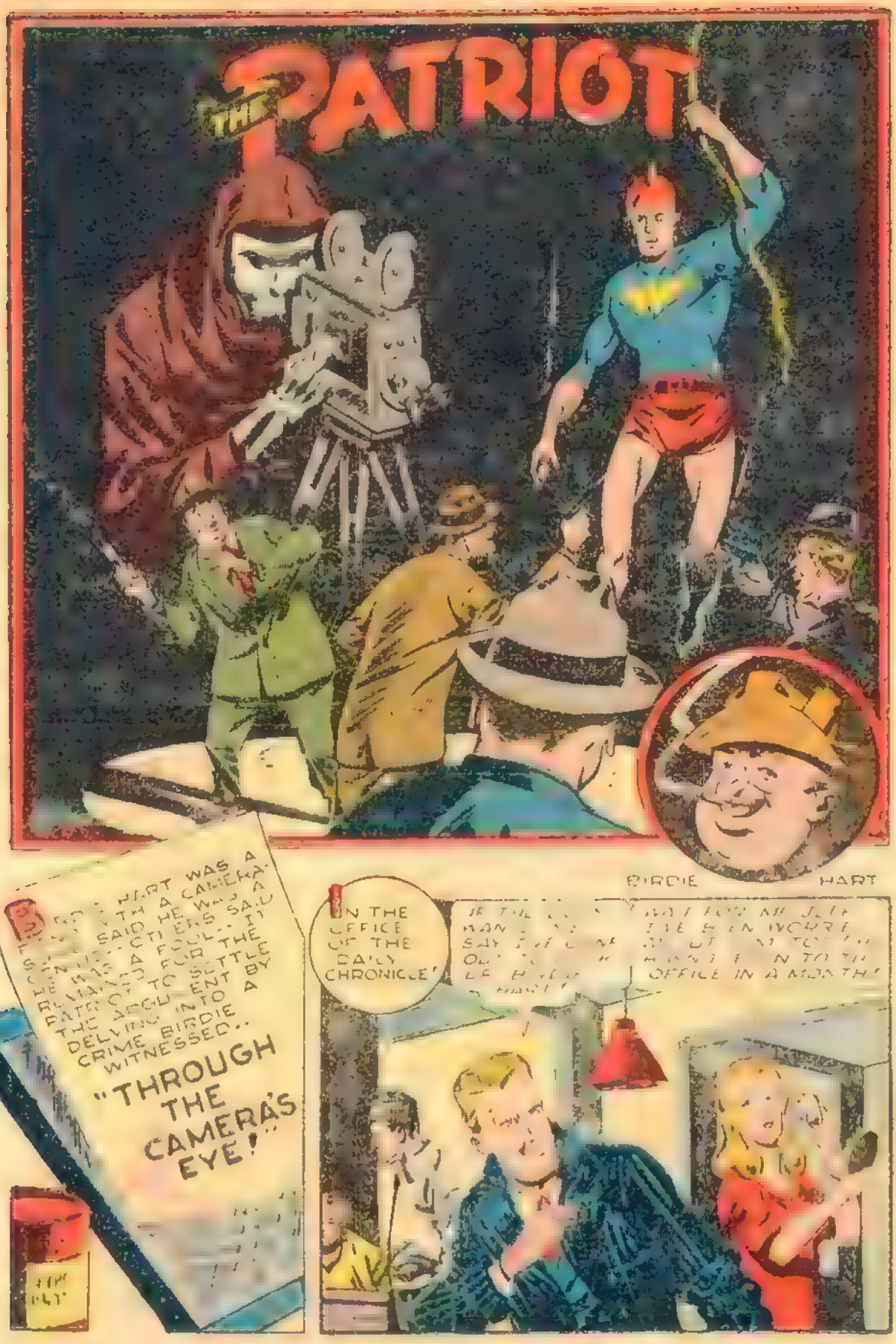
The old man ran screaming through the tunnel, until his voice became more faint and finally was heard no more!

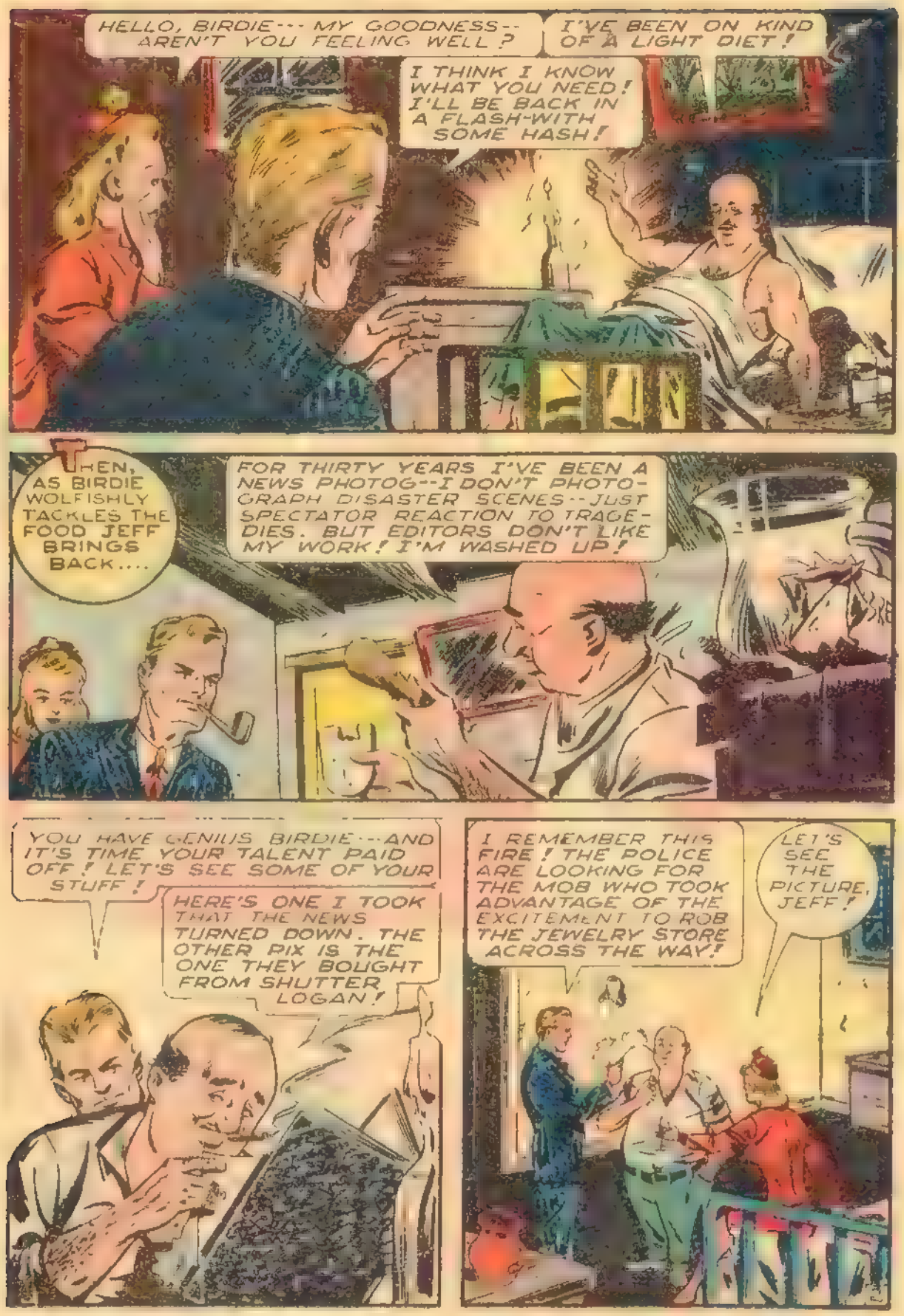
Judd bent over the chest and viewed the fortune which was his by right of inheritance. He had a feeling that he was still not alone . . . as if his father had led him to this place to claim his fortune at the very moment when it was unearthed by an old enemy, bent on robbery!

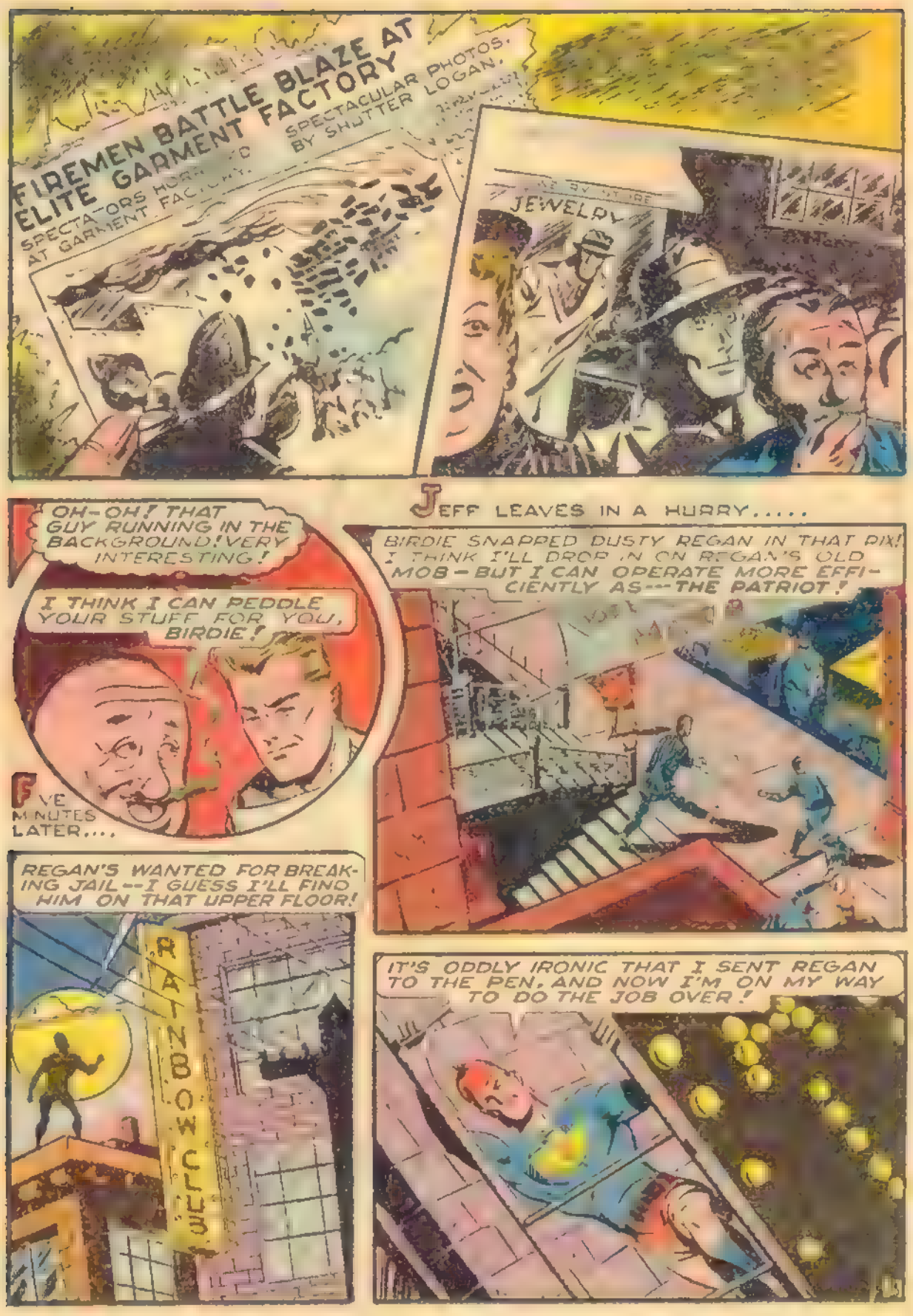
Had the old man mistaken Judd for his father, whom he resembled so much? Or had there been another one present in that underground chamber? He looked around . . . he was alone.

Judd heaved a sigh of relief. This was the end of the lost, the forgotten trail!

THE END


THE PATRIOT
BIRDIE HART
IN THE OFFICE OF THE DAILY CHRONICLE
"THROUGH THE CAMERA'S EYE!"


HELLO, BIRDIE--- MY GOODNESS-- AREN'T YOU FEELING WELL ?
I'VE BEEN ON KIND OF A LIGHT DIET !
I THINK I KNOW WHAT YOU NEED ! I'LL BE BACK IN A FLASH-WITH SOME HASH !
THEN, AS BIRDIE WOLFISHLY TACKLES THE FOOD JEFF BRINGS BACK....
FOR THIRTY YEARS I'VE BEEN A NEWS PHOTOG--I DON'T PHOTOGRAPH DISASTER SCENES--JUST SPECTATOR REACTION TO TRAGEDIES. BUT EDITORS DON'T LIKE MY WORK ! I'M WASHED UP !
YOU HAVE GENIUS BIRDIE---AND IT'S TIME YOUR TALENT PAID OFF ! LET'S SEE SOME OF YOUR STUFF !
HERE'S ONE I TOOK THAT THE NEWS TURNED DOWN. THE OTHER PIX IS THE ONE THEY BOUGHT FROM SHUTTER LOGAN !
I REMEMBER THIS FIRE ! THE POLICE ARE LOOKING FOR THE MOB WHO TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THE EXCITEMENT TO ROB THE JEWELRY STORE ACROSS THE WAY !
LET'S SEE THE PICTURE, JEFF !


FIREMEN BATTLE BLAZE AT ELITE GARMENT FACTORY
SPECTACULAR PHOTOS BY SHUTTER LOGAN.
SPECTATORS HURT AT GARMENT FACTORY
JEWELRY
OH-OH! THAT GUY RUNNING IN THE BACKGROUND! VERY INTERESTING!
I THINK I CAN PEDDLE YOUR STUFF FOR YOU, BIRDIE!
FIVE MINUTES LATER....
JEFF LEAVES IN A HURRY.....
BIRDIE SNAPPED DUSTY REGAN IN THAT PIX! I THINK I'LL DROP IN ON REGAN'S OLD MOB—BUT I CAN OPERATE MORE EFFICIENTLY AS—THE PATRIOT!
REGAN'S WANTED FOR BREAKING JAIL—I GUESS I'LL FIND HIM ON THAT UPPER FLOOR!
RAINBOW CLUB
IT'S ODDLY IRONIC THAT I SENT REGAN TO THE PEN, AND NOW I'M ON MY WAY TO DO THE JOB OVER!

THE PENTHOUSE ABOVE.. FOUR MOBSTERS INDULGE IN A FRIENDLY GAME OF POKER . . .
WHO'S CHEATING ?
YOU ARE !
PLEASE, GENTLEMEN, CAN'T WE HAVE ONE GAME WITHOUT HAVING TO SWEEP UP A CORPSE?
HE STARTED IT !
AND I'LL FINISH IT !
IT'S THE PATRIOT !
I'M LOOKING FOR DUSTY REGAN. PERHAPS ONE OF YOU, ER, GENTLEMEN CAN TELL ME WHERE HE IS . . .
I COULD, CHUM, ONLY I FORGET! I'VE SUCH A SHORT MEMORY!
MAYBE I CAN REFRESH IT BY KNOCKING SOME SENSE INTO YOUR HEAD !

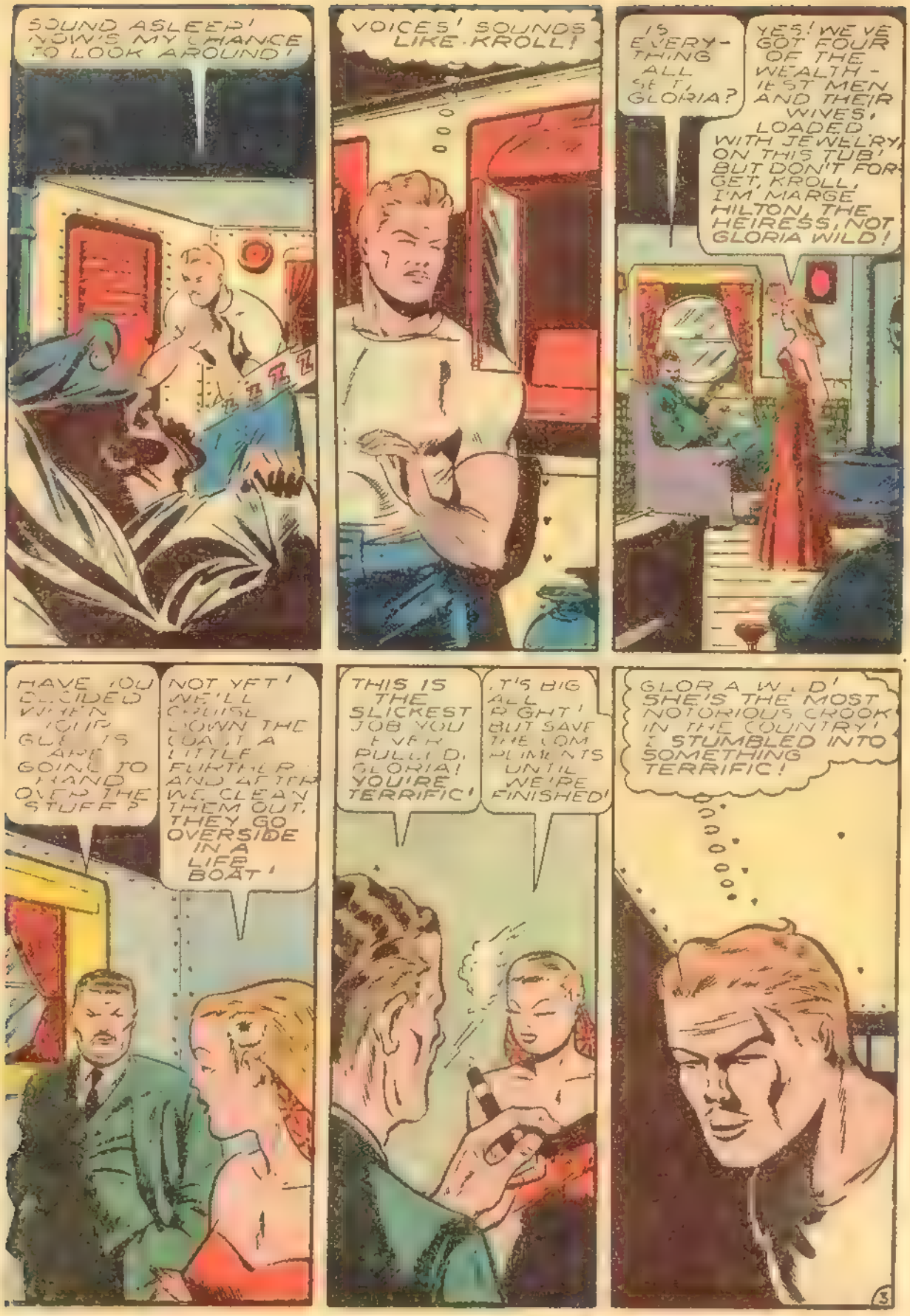
AFTER A SHORT BATTLE...
NOW, LET'S START FROM THE BEGINNING— WHERE'S DUSTY?
LOOKING FOR ME, PATRIOT?
DUSTY REGAN!
STAY WHERE YOU ARE! I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN THAT YOU SENT ME TO THE PEN, AND I'M PAYIN' YOU OFF— BUT GOOD! TIE HIM UP— WE'RE TAKIN' HIM ALONG WITH US—ONLY HE AIN'T COMIN' BACK!
YOU BOYS HUSTLE OVER TO THE BANK ACROSS THE STREET...AN' WAIT FOR US. MY BUSINESS IN THE WAREHOUSE WON'T TAKE LONG!
GOSH! DIS PATRIOT IS HEAVY LIKE A TON OF BRICKS!
THE PATRIOT IS THROWN INTO A CAR WHICH RACES THROUGH SHADOWY STREETS TO A DESERTED WAREHOUSE...
WATER
ALL RIGHT, BOYS— PUT HIM OVER THERE!
UH-OH! YOU'RE GOING TO SET FIRE HERE--- AND THEN ROB THE BANK ACROSS THE STREET, EH?
YEAH! BUT WHAT MAKES THIS JOB A PLEASURE IS THAT YOU'RE GOING TO BURN WITH THE WAREHOUSE!
5

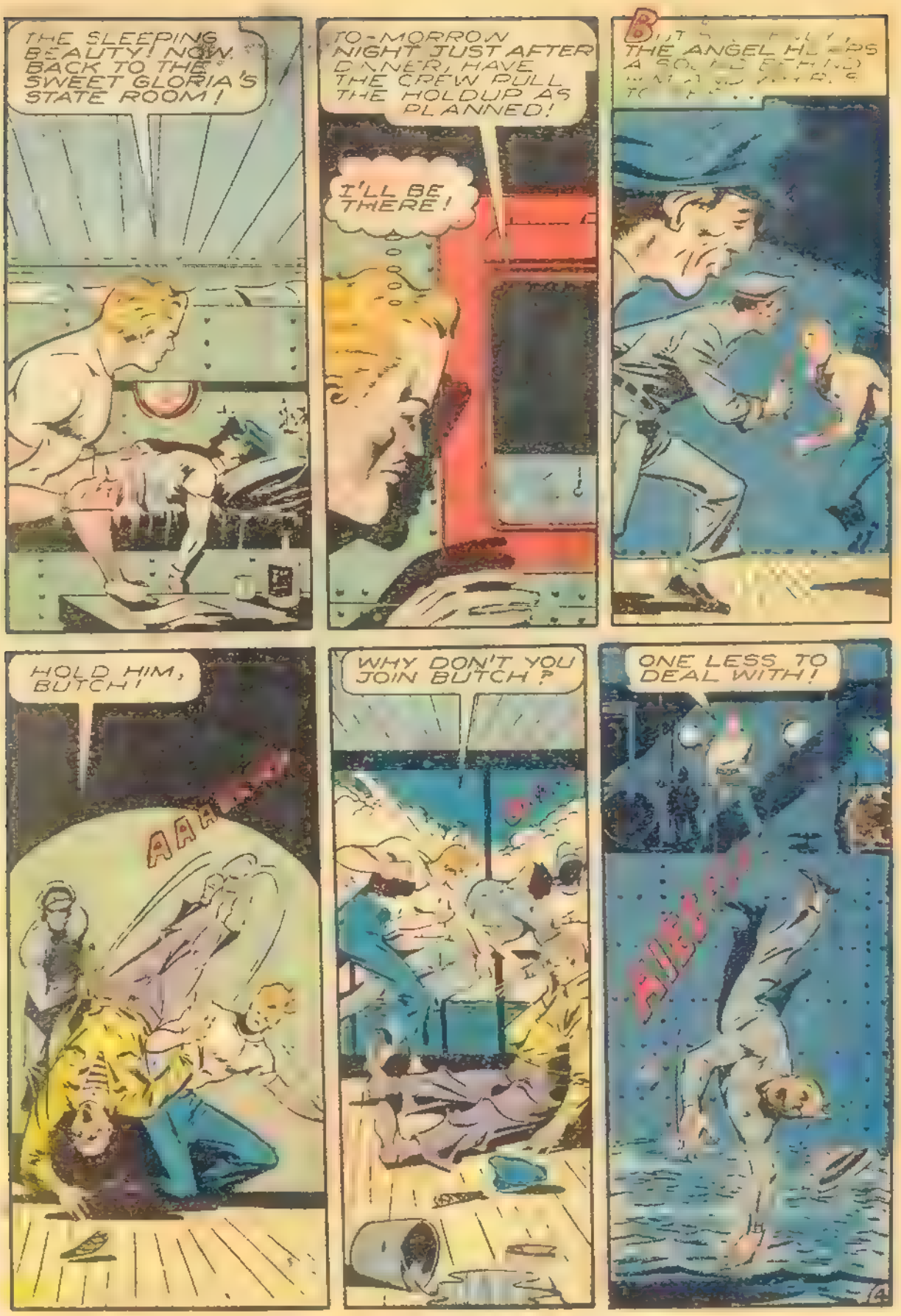
THIS MATCH IS YOUR ONE-WAY TICKET OUT OF THIS WORLD. HOPE YOU ENJOY THE TRIP, PATRIOT!
I CAN'T JUST SIT HERE AND BURN! I'M GOING TO TRY SOMETHING!
OW! THOSE FLAMES ARE HOT - BUT IT'S WORKING!
SNAP!
NOW TO EXTINGUISH THE FIRE!
MINUTES LATER, AT THE BANK...
SAY! DERE SHOULDA BEEN A FIRE ALARM TURNED IN BY NOW!
MAYBE SOMETHIN' WENT WRONG!
SUDDENLY!
HI, DUSTY! WE MELT AGAIN!
YOU AGAIN?
IT AIN'T HIS SHADOW - DO SOMTHIN'!

I'LL TAKE THAT TOMMY GUN, SMALL-FRY!
THIS TIME I'M GONNA--- OWWWW!
THANKS! NOW STAY WHERE YOU ARE. THE GAME'S OVER!
IT WAS A GREAT RACKET WHILE IT LASTED!
SOMETIME LATER, JEFF RETURNS TO BIRDIE HART'S APARTMENT!
JEFF! ISN'T IT WONDERFUL HOW BIRDIE'S PICTURE HELPED THE PATRIOT TRAP THOSE GANGSTERS?--- SAY! HOW'D THE PATRIOT GET THAT PICTURE?
I WAS DUMB ENOUGH TO LOSE IT, AND THE PATRIOT WAS LUCKY ENOUGH TO FIND IT!
PATRIOT CAPTURES
THE NEXT MORNING, IN THE CHRONICLE OFFICE!
WHERE'S THAT 7X10 IDIOT? I SENT HIM TO FIND BIRDIE HART! THERE YOU ARE!
KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON! BIRDIE'S RIGHT HERE!
A FEW MINUTES LATER ...
YOU'RE THE NUMBER ONE MAN AROUND HERE NOW, BIRDIE! IT'S ALL YOURS!
GOSH, ME, BIRDIE HART? WITH AN OFFICE ALL MY OWN? G-GOSH!
BIRDIE HART
ACE

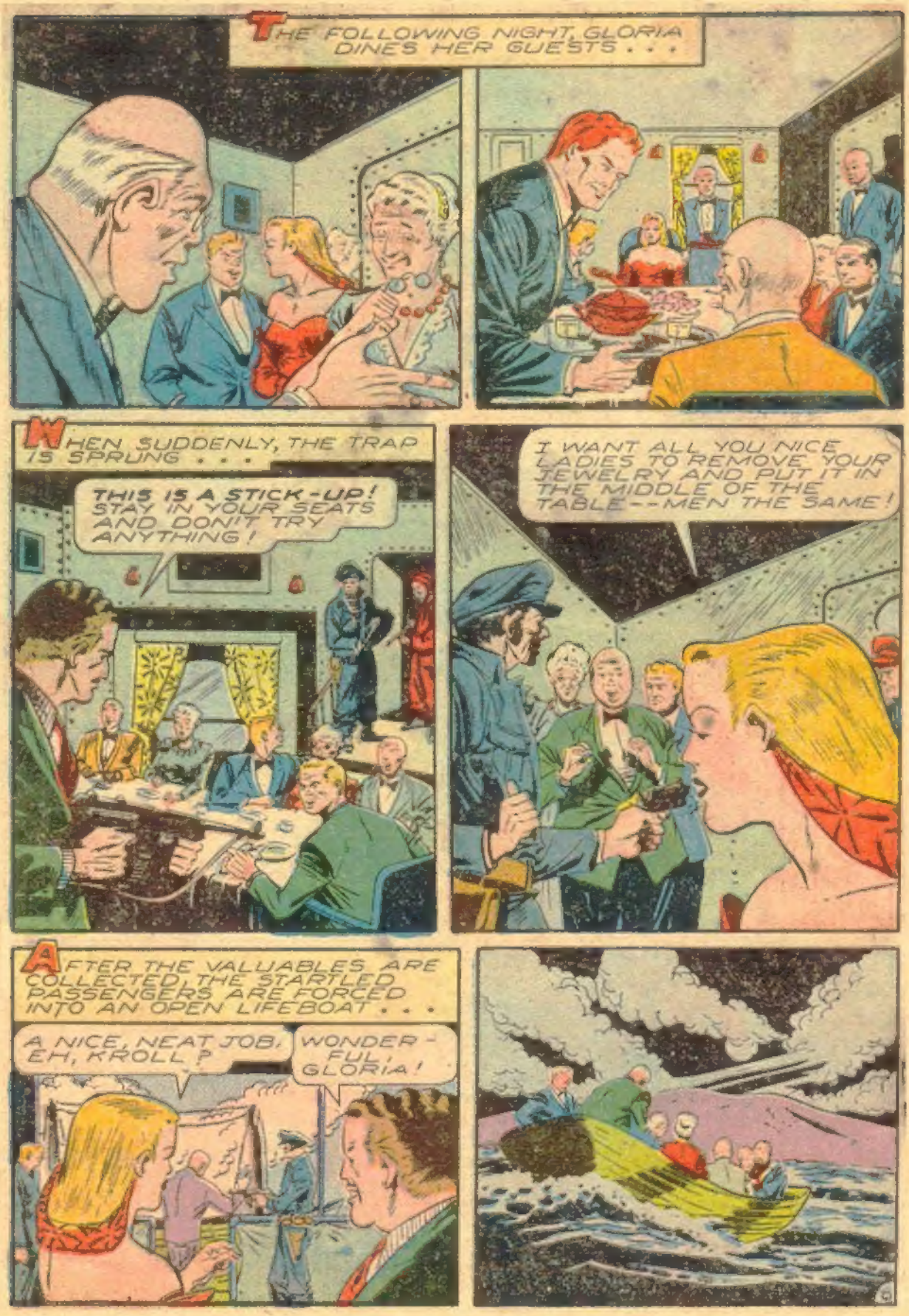
THE ANGEL
THE ANGEL WALKS ALONG A DIMLY WATERFRONT STREET, GUNS NONCHALANTLY HARTULAR, WHEN SUDDENLY FROM THE SHADOWS . .
DOCK 12
THE ANGEL IS SHANGHAIED ABOARD A MODERN PIRATE VESSEL, WHERE HE PITS HIS DARING AGAINST A CUT-THROAT CREW AND A BRILLIANT CRIMINAL IN "THE ADVENTURE OF THE BLUE GOOSE"
HE'S A HUSKY GUY! THE BOSS'LL LIKE HIM!
YEAH! OUGHTA GET A LOT OF WORK OUT OF HIM!

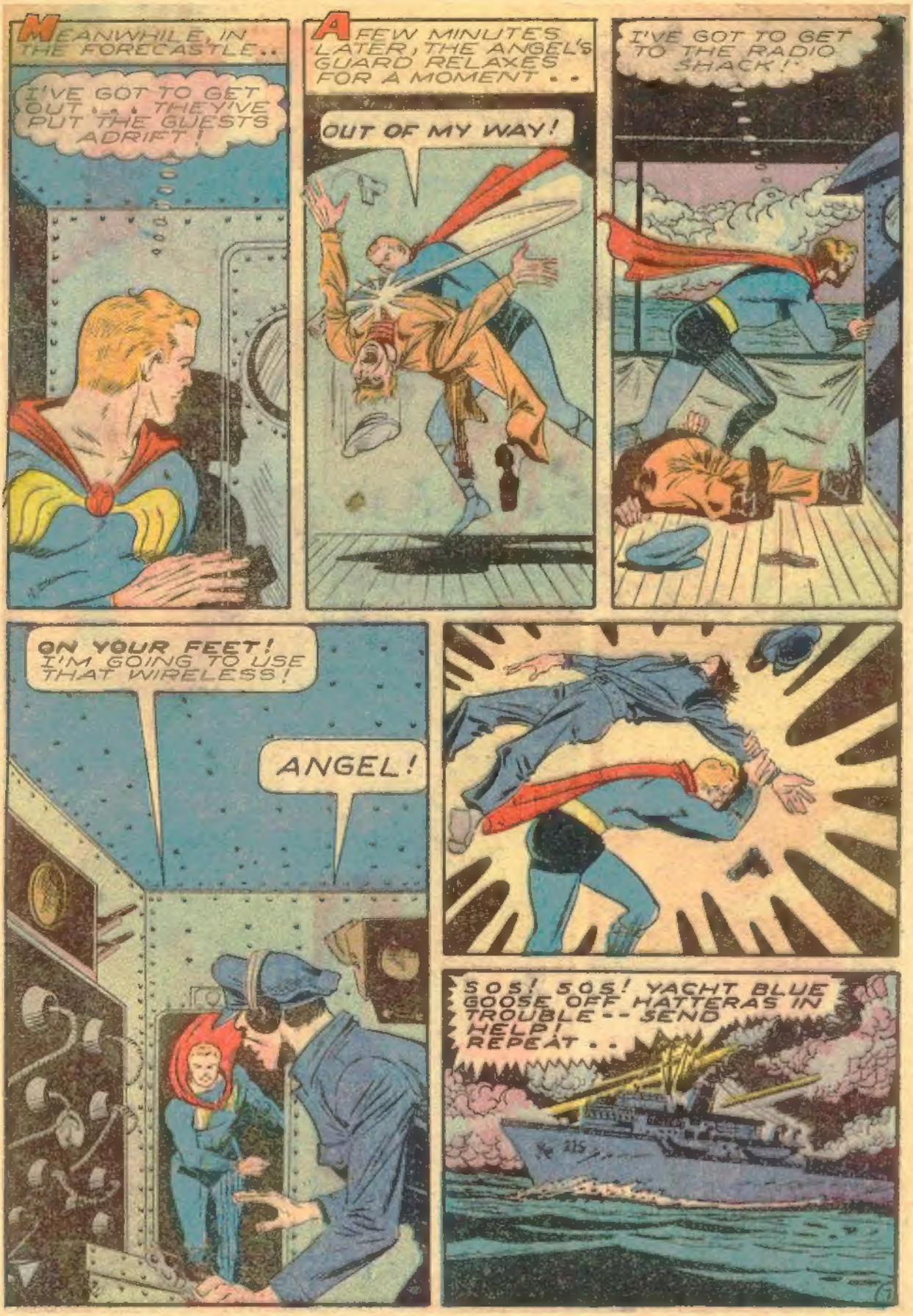
SEVERAL HOURS LATER, THE A.P.I. WAKES UP IN HIS FORECASTLE OF THE YACHT "BLUE GOOSE"...
OHHH!
THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE MUCH CHOICE!
YOU'RE GOING TO WORK FOR ME --- AND IF YOU DON'T.. YOU'LL GET ANOTHER GOING OVER!
THAT'S RIGHT, MISTER, BEND YOUR BACK INTO IT!
JENKINS, YOU'RE TO GUARD THIS MAN AT ALL TIMES -- AND DON'T LET HIM OUT OF YOUR SIGHT!
OKAY, BOSS, I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIM!

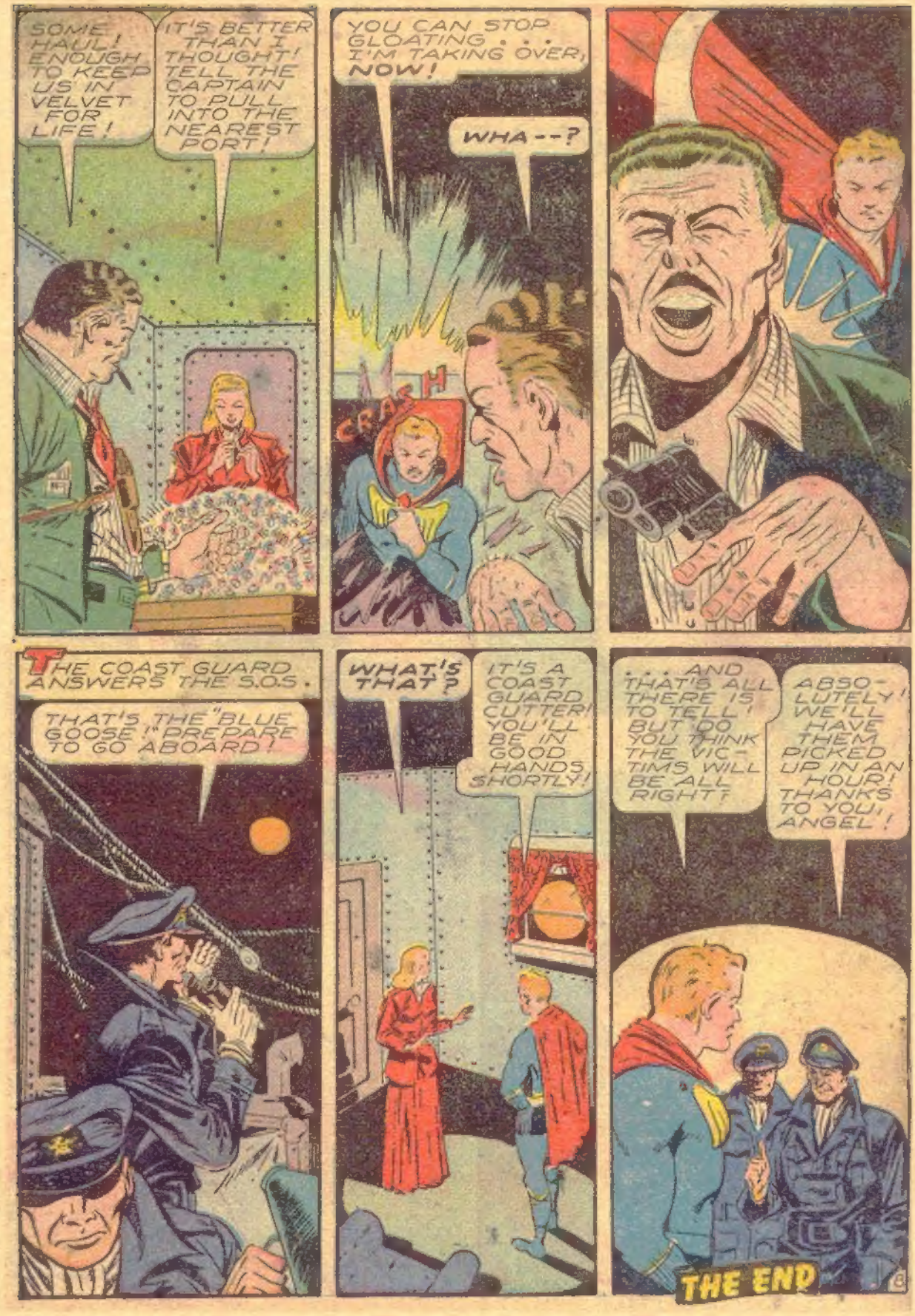

SOUND ASLEEP! NOW'S MY CHANCE TO LOOK AROUND!
ZZZZ
VOICES! SOUNDS LIKE KROLL!
IS EVERY-THING ALL SET, GLORIA?
YES! WE'VE GOT FOUR OF THE WEALTH-IEST MEN AND THEIR WIVES, LOADED WITH JEWELRY, ON THIS TUB! BUT DON'T FORGET, KROLL, I'M MARGE HILTON, THE HEIRESS, NOT GLORIA WILD!
HAVE YOU DECIDED WHEN YOU'RE GOING TO HAND OVER THE STUFF?
NOT YET! WE'LL CRUISE DOWN THE COAST A LITTLE FURTHER AND AFTER WE CLEAN THEM OUT, THEY GO OVERSIDE IN A LIFE BOAT!
THIS IS THE SLICKEST JOB YOU EVER PULLED, GLORIA! YOU'RE TERRIFIC!
IT'S BIG ALL RIGHT! BUT SAVE THE COMPLIMENTS UNTIL WE'RE FINISHED!
GLORIA WILD! SHE'S THE MOST NOTORIOUS CROOK IN THE COUNTRY! I STUMBLED INTO SOMETHING TERRIFIC!
3


THE SLEEPING BEAUTY! NOW, BACK TO THE SWEET GLORIA'S STATE ROOM!
TO-MORROW NIGHT JUST AFTER DINNER, HAVE THE CREW PULL THE HOLDUP AS PLANNED!
I'LL BE THERE!
HOLD HIM, BUTCH!
AAH
WHY DON'T YOU JOIN BUTCH?
ONE LESS TO DEAL WITH!

ALL RIGHT, BREAK
AND BACK
TO YOUR QUARTERS!
MAYBE THIS
WILL TEACH
YOU TO KEEP
IN LINE!
YOU HEARD THE ORDERS!
YACHT ALIVE!


THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, GLORIA DINES HER GUESTS . . .
WHEN SUDDENLY, THE TRAP IS SPRUNG . . .
THIS IS A STICK-UP! STAY IN YOUR SEATS AND DON'T TRY ANYTHING!
I WANT ALL YOU NICE LADIES TO REMOVE YOUR JEWELRY AND PUT IT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE TABLE--MEN THE SAME!
AFTER THE VALUABLES ARE COLLECTED, THE STARTLED PASSENGERS ARE FORCED INTO AN OPEN LIFEBOAT . . .
A NICE, NEAT JOB, EH, KROLL?
WONDER-FUL, GLORIA!


MEANWHILE, IN THE FORECASTLE..
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT . . . THEY'VE PUT THE GUESTS ADRIFT!
A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE ANGEL'S GUARD RELAXES FOR A MOMENT . .
OUT OF MY WAY!
I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE RADIO SHACK!
ON YOUR FEET! I'M GOING TO USE THAT WIRELESS!
ANGEL!
SOS! SOS! YACHT BLUE GOOSE OFF HATTERAS IN TROUBLE -- SEND HELP! REPEAT . .


SOME HAUL! ENOUGH TO KEEP US IN VELVET FOR LIFE!
IT'S BETTER THAN I THOUGHT! TELL THE CAPTAIN TO PULL INTO THE NEAREST PORT!
YOU CAN STOP GLOATING . . . I'M TAKING OVER, NOW!
WHA--?
CRASH
THE COAST GUARD ANSWERS THE S.O.S.
THAT'S THE "BLUE GOOSE!" PREPARE TO GO ABOARD!
WHAT'S THAT?
IT'S A COAST GUARD CUTTER! YOU'LL BE IN GOOD HANDS SHORTLY!
. . . AND THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO TELL! BUT DO YOU THINK THE VICTIMS WILL BE ALL RIGHT?
ABSOLUTELY! WE'LL HAVE THEM PICKED UP IN AN HOUR! THANKS TO YOU, ANGEL!
THE END

X-acto KNIVES

Make Better Models — Faster — Easier — *MORE FUN*

You wouldn't play baseball with a cracked bat? Well then why try to make a perfect model plane, ship, gun or train with dull, ordinary knives. Use the same knives that the experts use X-ACTO! They're the finest in surgical steel carving and cutting knives you'll find anywhere. Always sharp and ready to use because the blades are interchangeable just slip out the dull and insert a new sharp blade. Shaped to give you the point, angle, or surface you want for a particular cut. Quickly changes amateurs to experts. Write today for your X-ACTO knives . . use the "Choice of the Experts."

Now FREE With X-ACTO #3

You'll enjoy making the 3 Easy Projects pictured with simplified instructions in the FREE BOOKLET.

No. 82 Knife Chest
3 X-ACTO knife handles with 12 assorted steel blades. Compact in wooden chest. Priced at $3.50

No. 83 Deluxe Champion Set
Same as No. 82. All burnished aluminum handles and 20 assorted blades. $5.00. (See above)

Extra Blades Package of 5 50c

Kit No. 62
Double knife set. 2 handles and 12 assorted blades. Complete $2.00

No. 1—51

Light and heavy duty knives. Each complete with 1 blade . . . 50c each. Same knives with 5 blades . . . $1.00 each.

No. 2 or No. 52

ORDER TODAY

Order your X-ACTO today . . on display at most leading HARDWARE, HOBBY SHOPS or DEPARTMENT stores or send coupon direct to X-Acto Crescent Prods Co., 440-4th Ave., New York 16, N. Y. if your dealer cannot supply you.

4 Big Books

How To Build Solid Scale Model War Planes; The Whittlers' and Woodcrafters' Handbook. Twelve Technics for the Artist, Student and Teacher; Commercial Artists' Handbook. Price 10c each.

X-ACTO CRESCENT PRODUCTS CO.,
Dept. 1002 440 - 4th Avenue,
New York 16, N. Y.

Send at once X-ACTO I have checked. It is understood if I am not satisfied I may return within five days for refund.
☐ I will pay postman $. . . . . , plus postage and C.O.D. charges on arrival.
☐ Enclosed find $ . . . . . in full payment. (No postage charge.)
X-ACTO desired: ☐ Kit No. 82. $3.50. ☐ Kit No. 83. $5.00. ☐ Kit No. 62. $2.00 ☐ No. 1 (light) with one blade 50c ☐ No. 51 with 5 extra assorted blades. $1.00 ☐ No. 2 (heavy) with one blade 50c ☐ No. 52—with 5 extra assorted blades $1.00.
(No C.O.D.'s on orders under $2.00.)

NAME (Please Print Plainly) . . . . . .

STREET . . . . . .

CITY & ZONE . . . . . STATE . . . . .
NOTE: If you live outside of U. S. A., send money order in U. S. funds.

NEVER A DULL MOMENT
RE-BLADE TO RE-SHARPEN